TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1566.

LAST DAYS TO WIN £30 MONTHLY PENSION AND £1,000 SEE PAGES 40 & 41

JOHN BULL

Says the Bluebird:
"Two blacks won't make one white but one blue will—if it's Reckitt's Blue."

Says the Robin:
"And you can't mistake the way Robin Starch brings up that expert finish. Why, it's as easy as falling off a branch!"

ROBIN *Starch*
and Reckitt's BLUE

RECKITT AND SONS LIMITED, HULL AND LONDON

6·30 A.M. TRAGEDY

Wife's terrible discovery

ON waking at 6.30 a.m. one morning, Mrs. Ellen Fawkes, of 15, Taylor Street, Ilkeston, found that her husband was not in bed.

Hastening downstairs, she was horrified to see him lying in the hall—terribly still. While she had been asleep he had tripped on the staircase and broken his neck.

As the late Mr. A. W. Fawkes was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, a cheque for £50, the Benefit provided for Fatal Home Accidents under JOHN BULL'S great Free Family Insurance Gift, was promptly sent to his widow.

£667 15s. 6d. PAID TO REGISTERED READERS LAST WEEK.

Altogether during the past week JOHN BULL has distributed no less than £567 15s. 6d. to registered readers or their dependents as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Household & Sickness Benefits	332	15	6
Accident Benefits—Adults	203	0	0
Accident Benefits—Children ..	129	0	0
	667	15	6

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to providing generous Benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, loss by Burglary, Children's Accidents, etc., JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest. Sickness Benefit is another exclusive feature of this great Free Family Protection.

SIGN FOR SAFETY TO-DAY

Fill up the forms below for JOHN BULL'S unique Gift of Security. One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

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To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 23/6/36.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 124, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 20/6/36.

£1,000 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 26.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 26, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious sets of Answers on one Square were the following competitors who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen on page 6.

W. A. Allen, 1, High Street, Hadleigh, S. Salt; C. Bush, 46, Cricklade Road, Bishopston, Bristol; H. Bulpin, 2, Westgate Bridlington, Yorks; E. R. Clayton, 141, Tepsham Road, London, S.W.; A. E. Cooke, 18, Chandos Crescent, Edgware, Middx.; L. E. Crotty, 79, Deacon Road, Kingston-on-Thames; L. G. Greenstreet, Cottage Homes, Romford, Essex; F. H. Ingham, 13, Berry Street, Brierfield, Burnley; C. H. Jones, 15, Oxford Street, Cwmbwrla, Swn.; D. H. Lewis, Bagendon, Kings Drive, Thames Ditton, Surrey; J. McCafferty, 695, Dalmarnock Road, Glasgow, S.E.; E. Milner, 4, Harrel Lane, Barrow-in-Furness; C. Munns, 3, Lynsted Gardens, Eltham, S.E.; T. Noone, 17, Lamb Street, Oldham; H. V. Reffell, 94, Hawkhurst Avenue, Richmond, Surrey; R. E. Saunders, 138, Ramsden Square, Cambridge; A. W. Sendamore, Withycombe, Washford, Som.; Mrs. F. Shepherd, 134, Church Hill, Loughton, Essex; S. G. Skinner, 14, Barrington Road, Brixton, S.W.; A. E. Thorne, 5, Victoria Avenue, Evesham; Mrs. E. A. Thorne, 5, Victoria Avenue, Evesham (2 shares); J. H. Thornton, 18, Brompton Terrace, Philadelphia, Durham; L. S. Wright, Dormy House, Regent Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the £560 First Prize and a cheque for £33.6.8 will be sent for each winning Square.

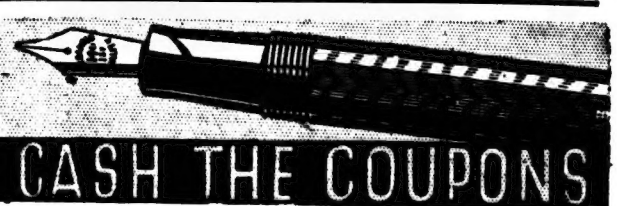
Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 23, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up and the Surprise Awards. This Prize has been divided between 218 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 14s. 9d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. An additional £50 will be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in same envelope.

A new Surprise Award for each of 1,294 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, will be posted on June 17.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 18: Twelve competitors qualified to share the extra £50 offered and payments of £4.3.4. have been despatched.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER



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Long	Wide	High	Cash.	Down	Mthly.	Floors
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7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	59/-	3/6	5/1	
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61/-	4/-	5/6	Many
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	73/6	4/6	6/6	other
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	88/-	4/9	8/-	Sizes.

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10	7	8	£5/-/-	5/-	9/2
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Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 75 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Summer or Winter Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Stack-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, Squares, Coveralls, etc. Another Purchaser writes: "The Baby clothes received are gorgeous. As a dressmaker, I fully realise that had I made them at home, or bought from shops, the layette would have cost 3 times the money."

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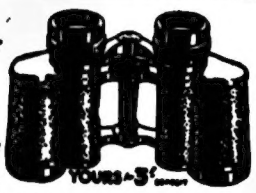

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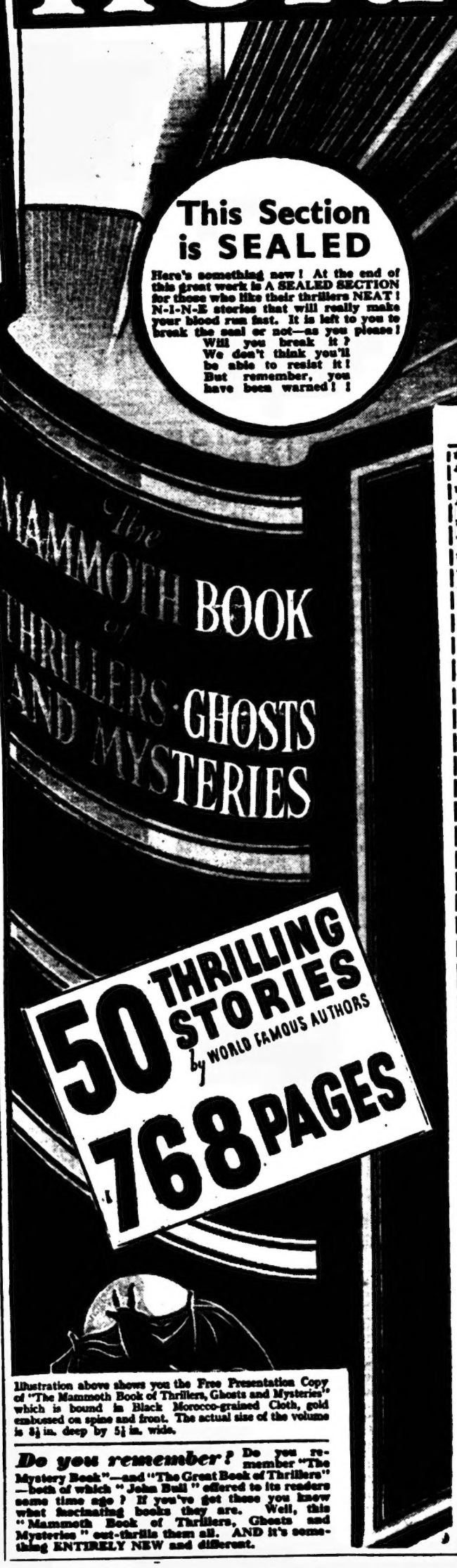
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50 THRILLING STORIES by WORLD FAMOUS AUTHORS
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Illustration above shows you the Free Presentation Copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" which is bound in Black Morocco-grained Cloth, gold embossed on spine and front. The actual size of the volume is 8¼ in. deep by 5¼ in. wide.

Do you remember? Do you remember "The Mystery Book"—and "The Great Book of Thrillers"—both of which "John Bull" offered to its readers some time ago? If you've got these you know what fascinating books they are. Well, this "Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" out-thrills them all. AND it's something ENTIRELY NEW and different.

IMPORTANT! Keep the Gift Voucher and "Books With Care" Label below very carefully and send them in when completed with your Thirteen Tokens. Be sure to read the simple directions below.

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE.

B24

Specimen only, not to be used

IMPORTANT. On the left is an illustration showing a specimen Token similar to those you are asked to cut out from Thirteen Separate Weekly issues of "John Bull," and to affix to the spaces provided below. Tokens appear each week in the bottom LEFT corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Use gum or paste, NOT pins.

JOHN BULL'S 30th BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION

Free Gift Voucher

"The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries"

To: Gift Dept., "John Bull," Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

I CERTIFY that the Thirteen Tokens affixed to this Voucher have been cut from Thirteen Separate Weekly issues of "John Bull," purchased from the Newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes. **I am NOT qualifying for another volume under this scheme.** I enclose Postal Order for amount, as stated below, which includes carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc. Please send me my copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries" which you have guaranteed in my name in Edition specified below.

1	
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12
7	13

X

VERY IMPORTANT.—Indicate below AT ONCE the Edition you require (STANDARD or DE LUXE) as specified by you on your Reservation Form.

→ **You MUST cross out Edition NOT required.** ←

STANDARD EDITION 1/- which covers cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DE LUXE EDITION 2/- which includes cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

X

No. of P.O.....Value..... DATE.....

Cross P.O. /& Co./. Make payable to "John Bull." Write your name and address on back of Postal Order. **DO NOT SEND LOOSE STAMPS.**

Your Signature.....

Write clearly below in Block Letters.

YOUR NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

Give your Newsagent's Name and Address below.

NEWSAGENT .....

ADDRESS .....

Fill in your name and full postal address on Label below and send in with this Voucher. WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

LEAVE BLANK Certified and checked by ..... District Supervisor.

BOOKS WITH CARE

CARRIAGE PAID HOME

NAME_____

Full Postal ADDRESS_____

_____

_____

J.B. If undelivered please return to Depot "John Bull," 46, Castle St., London, W.C.2 **T.B.M.**

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS Your Presentation Reservation Form and Label on the opposite page MUST BE POSTED AT ONCE. These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify—Standard OR De Luxe—and will bring you an official Gift Certificate acknowledging your Reservation and guaranteeing your volume.

It is a condition of this Birthday Gift offer that your newsagent holds an order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull."

Above is the Gift Voucher. To qualify cut out the token, Series "B," from the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Do this with THIRTEEN separate issues. Affix each token to the Voucher with paste or gum—NOT pins. Tokens eligible are the series "B." Applicants from this announcement may commence from No. "B24" in this issue. NO TOKENS PRIOR TO No. "B22" and NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED. Having collected THIRTEEN tokens from thirteen separate weekly issues of "John Bull," complete the Gift Voucher and "Books With Care" Label as directed. Then post your Voucher and "Books With Care" Label, together with your Postal Order for the amount as specified on the Voucher according to the Edition you require, to the address given on the Voucher.

Send Cheque or Postal Order. Do not send loose stamps. Write your name and address on the back of your Postal Order, make it payable to "John Bull" and cross /& Co./. Upon receipt of your properly completed Gift Voucher and "Books With Care" Label, together with your Postal Order for the correct amount, your volume, in the Edition specified, will be immediately dispatched to your home.

GENERAL NOTES.—After a completed Voucher is sent in, allow a few days for your volume to reach you. No person may qualify for more than one volume and no vol me will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

NOW OR NEVER

IT'S NOW OR NEVER for "John Bull's" sensational 30th Birthday Gift—This is definitely your final opportunity to secure—FREE—"The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries." This great Presentation is now closing. The Reservation Forms below are definitely the last to be published. Unless you use them at once you'll miss the greatest Free Presentation ever known. Hurry! Reserve your Volume on Forms below to-day!

This volume is a completely new Presentation—specially prepared for the occasion. "John Bull" readers will be the very first to know the secrets between its covers. And what a Book it is! 768 pages! Nearly 300,000 words! Nearly five times as much as many a standard work of fiction. F-I-F-T-Y great stories that will hold you spellbound, by 50 great masters of mystery. A library of thrills and mysteries in one beautifully bound volume!—well worthy of the title of "Public Thriller No. 1."

And listen! It has a novel feature of its own—A SEALED SECTION—but more about that later:

There are stories in this book that will make you glance furtively over your shoulder as you read them—others that will so fascinate that you will not be able to put down the book until you've finished—others that really will make you feel as if "each individual hair is standing on end"—and then there is the

SEALED SECTION — nine super stories for those who like their thrillers NEAT. This section is under seal at the end of the book. It is up to you to break it open or not, as you please. Resist it if you can!!

There are 66 illustrations in this volume—including portraits of the Authors and 17 specially drawn full-page pictures by well-known artists.

And now for the book itself. It is printed throughout in large, clear type and measures 8½ in. deep by 5½ in. wide—A real Library volume—superbly bound in stiff covers of Black Morocco-grained Cloth, gold embossed on spine and front. A decorative design is embossed on the foot of the spine and on the front of the volume and there are specially designed end-papers.

For those who would like this Gift Volume in a binding of unusual dignity and beauty there is an exquisite De Luxe Edition bound in rich deep Red, Antique finish Art. Leather, with title and bands on spine embossed in real 22-carat gold.

This is a book of a thousand thrills; you'll read it not just once but again and again—look at the Authors and look at the titles in the list in the next column!

1	ALAN, A. J.	*The Diver*
2	ARLEN, Michael	*The Ghoul of Golders Green*
3	BENNETT, Arnold	*The Murder of the Mandarin*
4	BERESFORD, J. D.	*Powers of the Air*
5	BLACKWOOD, Algernon	*Keeping His Promise*
6	BULLETT, Gerald	*Dearth's Farm*
7	CHESTERTON, G. K.	*The Hammer of God*
8	CHRISTIE, Agatha	*The Blue Geranium*
9	CONRAD, Joseph	*The Secret Sharer*
10	COPPARD, A. E.	*The Tiger*
11	DE LA MARE, Walter	*The Looking Glass*
12	DE MAUPASSANT, Guy	*The Hostelry*
13	DUNSANY, Lord	*A Large Diamond*
14	FARNOL, Jeffery	*The Cupboard*
15	FLETCHER, J. S.	*The Other Sense*
16	HANSFORD JOHNSON, Pamela	*Ghost of Honour*
17	HENRY, O.	*Roads of Destiny*
18	HERIOT, C. D.	*The Trapdoor*
19	HOFFMAN, C. F.	*Ben Blower's Story*
20	HOOD, Tom	*The Shadow of a Shade*
21	HUXLEY, Aldous	*The Dwarfs*
22	IRVING, Washington	*Guests from Gibbet Island*
23	JAMES, M. R.	*The Mezzotint*
24	JEROME, Jerome K.	*The Dancing Partner*
25	LAWRENCE, D. H.	*The Woman Who Rode Away*
26	MAUGHAM, W. Somerset	*Honolulu*
27	ONIONS, Oliver	*Rooum*
28	PAIN, Barry	*The Green Light*
29	PHILLPOTTS, Eden	*The Iron Pineapple*
30	PRIESTLEY, J. B.	*The Demon King*
31	PUSHKIN, Alexander	*The Queen of Spades*
32	QUILLER-COUCH, Sir Arthur	*The Seventh Man*
33	"SAKI"	*Laura*
34	SEABROOK, W. B.	*Goat-Cry, Girl-Cry*
35	SINCLAIR, May	*The Mahatma's Story*
36	STACPOOLE, H. de Vere	*Deep in the Forest*
37	STEVENSON, R. L.	*The Isle of Voices*
38	WALLACE, Edgar	*The Man of the Night*
39	WALPOLE, Hugh	*Major Wilbraham*
40	WELLS, H. G.	*The Inexperienced Ghost*
41	WEST, Rebecca	*The Salt of the Earth*

The Sealed Section

Nine stories under seal—super-thrillers you may read or not as you please.

42	BENSON, E. F.	*The Confession of Charles Linkworth*
43	BIERCE, Ambrose	*The Moonlit Road*
44	HARTLEY, L. P.	*A Visitor from Down Under*
45	HODGSON, W. H.	*The Voice in the Night*
46	JACOBS, W. W.	*His Brother's Keeper*
47	POE, Edgar Allan	*Berenice*
48	SMITH, A. E. D.	*The Coat*
49	STOKER, Bram	*The Squaw*
50	WREN, P. C.	*Presentiments*

In order to make it as easy as possible for you to get your FREE Volume your GIFT VOUCHER is in your hands now—it is actually printed on the opposite page. There is nothing to do other than qualify according to the simple directions given.

Do this now! The very first thing to do is to fill in the Final Free Presentation Reservation Form (A) and the Label below. These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify, and MUST be sent to us at once. Do not send any money with these forms. Be sure to indicate which Edition you want reserved—also, at the same time, indicate on your Gift Voucher on the opposite page the Edition you have chosen.

On receipt of the Free Presentation Reservation Form and Label below, "John Bull" will send you its official 30th Birthday Gift Certificate Guaranteeing you a FREE copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries." At the same time your volume will be put in hand to be printed and bound in the Edition you specify, ready for dispatch, carriage paid to your door, immediately your completed Gift Voucher is received.

Opposite you will find your Gift Voucher on which you begin right away to qualify for your Free Volume. You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and to affix to it 13 tokens, "B" series, from 13 separate issues of "John Bull." Applicants from this announcement may begin this week with Token "B 24" which appears in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of this issue.

Remember this great 30th Birthday Gift is FREE—all you send with your completed Voucher is 1/- (one shilling), which covers carriage, packing and insurance, etc. What a Gift! You'll be sorry indeed if you miss it.

Important It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull." If he should not already hold your order, hand him the Order Form (B) on left below to-day.

HURRY! CLOSING JUNE 30—TUESDAY, JUNE 30, is the last day forr eceiving applications from this announcement, after that you will be too late! Post the Final Reservation Forms below without delay.

No reader may apply for more than one Free 30th Birthday Celebration Gift.

POST THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

DO NOT SEPARATE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL—CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

IMPORTANT It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent holds a written order from you for the regular and uninterrupted supply of "John Bull."

If he does NOT already hold your Written Order YOU MUST HAND TO YOUR NEWSAGENT THE FORM BELOW TO-DAY!

B "JOHN BULL"
TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

Order Form

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

TO .....
(NAME OF NEWSAGENT)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Date ....

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

"John Bull's" 30th Birthday Gift to its Readers.

A "THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF THRILLERS, GHOSTS & MYSTERIES"

FINAL FREE PRESENTATION RESERVATION FORM

This Special Reservation Form MUST be received by NOT later than first post Tuesday, June 30.

Post to: "John Bull" (Dept. J.M.3),
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2

This form reserves in your name "John Bull's" FREE 30th Birthday Gift "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries."

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS very clearly written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form with Label on right may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

Please reserve in my name a FREE copy of "The Mammoth Book of Thrillers, Ghosts and Mysteries." The newsagent (whose name and address are below for verification purposes) holds my written order for the regular supply of "John Bull." I certify I have not previously reserved one of these volumes. Please send me an acknowledgment of my Reservation and a special GIFT CERTIFICATE guaranteeing my FREE Gift Volume. The Edition I wish reserved is indicated below.

STANDARD EDITION {You MUST cross out Edition NOT required.} **DE-LUXE EDITION**

Reader's Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS

Checked and Verified

.....
District Supervisor

"John Bull," 20/6/36

IMPORTANT—You may send this Form with Label in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp and, if you are NOT already a Registered Reader of "John Bull" you may save postage by enclosing with it the Registration Form for "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance, which is on page 2 of this issue of "John Bull." Your Newsagent must hold your written Order for regular supply of "John Bull."

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by YOU

NAME .....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

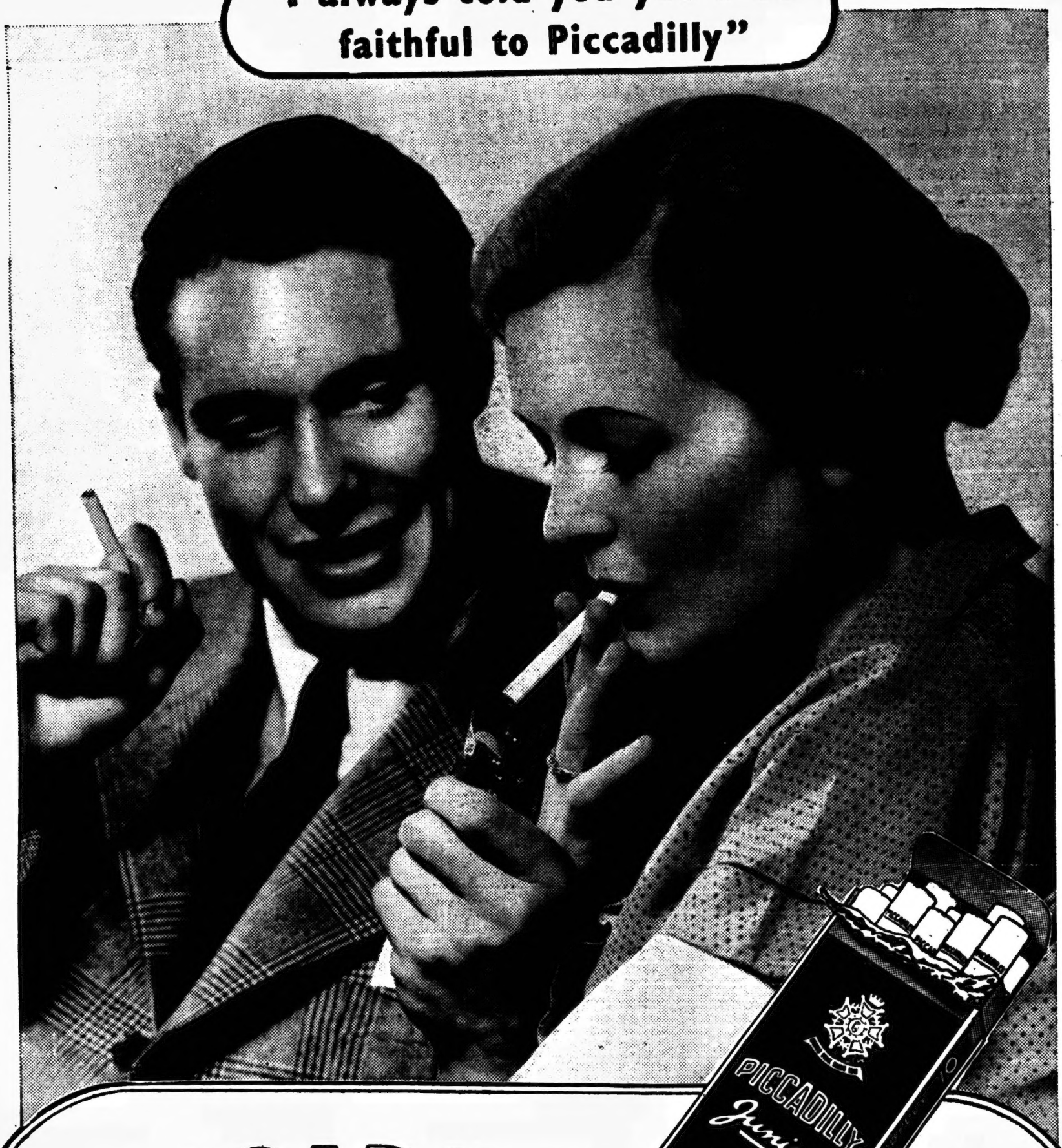
.....

.....

.....

J.B.3. T.G.M.

"I always told you you'd be faithful to Piccadilly"



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Oval tins . . . . 30 for 1/-
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JOHN BULL

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Telephone: Temple Bar 2668.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 20, 1936. Twopence.
Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Half a Mo' Policeman!

It is all very well for policemen to be empowered to stop any person they may suspect, but the innocent members of the public must be enabled to defend themselves against possible indignities

THE police are the friends and protectors of every law-abiding citizen. *They must remain so.*

That is why John Bull is glad to disclose that a searching official enquiry is going to be held into the working of the law which empowers a police officer to arrest on suspicion.

We have had previous occasion to condemn the manner in which countless honest and respectable people are held up and questioned, and sometimes placed in the cells, "on suspicion" of being criminals, though there is not a shred of evidence against them.

We can think of nothing more likely than this to injure the friendly relations that exist between police and public.

Every week, in London alone, about 1,000 persons are stopped and questioned by the police. Many, of course, are permitted to go their way when they have given satisfactory answers, but many, too, suffer indignities because they are not able, on the spot, to satisfy their interrogators.

Every constable on his beat is empowered, under laws which date back to 1829, to stop *any person, at any time*, and take him into custody *on suspicion alone*. That is why, declare our police chiefs, "a very considerable number of thieves are caught."

But it is also why countless innocent men and women are marched through the streets and put to the humiliation of being detained for hours—even put into the dock — on charges which ought never to have been preferred against them.

Sir Philip Game, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, defended the law in a recent report.

But Parliament is to have more to say on the subject. Several M.P.s are to press for a drastic revision of the law concerning "suspects." They will give plenty of evidence to support their campaign.

In 1934, 2,398 "on suspicion" cases actually came before the courts. In 1935 there were 3,834. Yet, on an average, less than 30 per cent. ended in convictions.

How come the innocent to be victimised?

A middle-aged man stumbled along a street in Stepney, London, late the other night carrying a heavy bag on his shoulder. He was worn out after having been tramping about all day long vainly seeking work.

Suddenly two men in mufti pounced upon him in the darkness. They said they were police officers and wanted to know his name and address and the nature of the contents of the bag he was carrying.

The astonished man, taken by surprise, answered question after question—where he had been all day, what he had been doing, where he was going, and why was he in the district at all.

His questioners were not satisfied, and marched him off to the police station. They suspected that he was a burglar and that his bag, which merely contained the normal tools of his calling, concealed his night's "booty."

At the station he was further interrogated, and after *four hours* released.

ENQUIRIES had revealed that he was a man of exemplary character, and a hard-working fellow. Is it reasonable to suppose that he is content with the "apology" he received?

Another case which has come under official notice concerns a man who was similarly questioned while looking into a wireless shop window at Richmond.

Two policemen thought he was behaving most suspiciously and was "out to commit a felony." They took him to the police station, where he volunteered the name of his employer. A telephone ring, he suggested, could bring the necessary corroboration of his story.

Instead the police escorted him to his employer's establishment, and there found his statements to be true.

An elderly man recently took an evening stroll in a London park. It was his habit to do so, as was later proved. But two officers stopped him and suggested that he was there for objectionable purposes.

DESPITE his protestations, he was taken to Vine Street Police Station and, after a stay of six hours, was allowed to go because enquiries had revealed that he was a highly respected man who had taken an after-dinner stroll through the park for years.

An ex-Government official, passing through Whitehall, was nodding to erstwhile colleagues. A young constable did not like the look of him, and so acted "on suspicion." He intimated that the supposed suspect's real objects were very offensive, and, not satisfied with his explanations, escorted him through curious crowds to Cannon Row Police Station. Three and a half hours passed; then, his character tested and found to be exemplary, the ex-Government victim was allowed to go home.

Two young lads at Peckham were watching a game of billiards through a window when they were arrested on suspicion of being there to commit a felony. They were taken to Rye Lane Police Station and kept in custody all night. Their parents were not even informed that they had been detained.

In the dock next day they told their story, and the magistrate reprimanded the policeman who had taken them into custody, saying there was no evidence at all against them, and that they could leave the court without a stain on their character.

A typist, peering into the windows of fashionable stores, was arrested not long ago on suspicion. She was so terrified when her accusers asked her to accompany them to a police station that she refused to go, and began to scream. She was taken forcibly, kept in a cell all night and charged next morning with "using insulting words and behaviour." The magistrate dismissed the case, adding that it should never have been brought.

WORSE case still—a young man who recently cycled to an employment exchange to sign on took the precaution of locking his cycle so that it could not be stolen.

A policeman touched him on the shoulder, asked him what he was doing, and took him to the police station on a charge of stealing—his own bicycle.

Even when his statements were found to be true, and he was permitted to go, the police still detained his machine "for further enquiries."

Cases like these can be multiplied by the thousand. For, if London has its 1,000 a week, every other big town has its own substantial quota.

Meantime we hope M.P.s as a whole will give their support to those of their colleagues who are determined to battle, on the floor of the House of Commons, for the reform we demand.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Keep the Gold-Diggers Out of Court!

A New Tax put on Suffering

Luckiest Man of the Week

HOW can we curb the "gold-diggers" of the Law Courts? That is a problem of public importance. For unless it is speedily solved the general public will suffer.

The "gold-diggers," as Lord Justice Maugham describes them, are get-rich-quick people who start proceedings for libel, not to protect their reputation, but to make money.

And usually they are successful. They may be awarded large sums for a "libel" that has damaged neither their reputation nor their pocket.

By this means fair criticism is being stifled. And since fair criticism is essential to the public good, the proposal to end the growing abuse of the law of libel deserves the most careful consideration.

Unless the gold-digger is booted out of the Law Courts, the public will suffer

One remedy

Mr. Kenneth Henderson, manager of the Legal Department of Associated Newspapers, makes the proposal. He advocates a Bill to make it impossible for an action for libel to be sustained unless the plaintiff can prove actual damage.

The only exceptions to be in cases where certain grave accusations have been made—an accusation, for instance, that a certain woman is unchaste or has committed adultery.

In our opinion, Mr. Henderson's suggestion is sound.

Our experience

We may claim to speak with a good deal of experience in this matter. Since criticism is JOHN BULL's main object, we are particularly affected by the laws of libel.

But we are not alone in our experience that extremely heavy damages are awarded against newspapers—damages out of all proportion to the loss, if any, sustained by the successful litigants.

As Mr. Henderson points out, very large amounts are often awarded for no better reason than that the defendants are a large and supposedly wealthy corporation. We can certainly testify that the average level of damages has risen by hundreds per cent. in the last twenty-five years.

Pleasant gamble

Moreover, of the many libel actions brought against us, but in which the verdict has been given in our favour, the cases in which we have been able to secure a farthing of the costs awarded us by the court are negligible.

In other words, the "gold-digger" plaintiff is invariably an impecunious person who regards his case as a gamble —"a pleasant form of speculation in which the potential profit is large and the amount which need be invested very small."

It is hardly surprising that many newspapers refrain from criticism, however necessary and deserved, lest it should involve them in heavy loss.

Job for them

For this reason alone, the suggested Bill should be proceeded with without delay. We are confident that it would be welcomed by judges who have not hesitated to condemn the money-making aims responsible for so much vexatious litigation.

The task is one for the legal pundits. Unless they tackle it, they must accept the blame for a bad blot on our legal books.

Out in the cold

Clerical workers who were promised unemployment insurance are to be let down.

No word of excuse is offered.

Officialdom merely says there is no prospect of legislation for them "at present."

The Cabinet must be very busy, of course, trying to forget the Emperor of Abyssinia and the Budget leakage, but we don't see why a couple of days can't be spared to put an important measure through Parliament.

Tax on suffering

Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, still refuses to keep out foreign-made Coronation medals, flags and mugs. But he willingly puts an extra tax on the hypodermic needles used by diabetes sufferers.

If we must have a tariff, why operate it so idiotically?

Not likely

No wonder Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, pours cold water on the Geneva plan for a forty-hour working week.

The Government hasn't even ratified the international convention for a forty-eight hour week. It allows thousands of British employers to work women and children much more than forty-eight hours.

So you can't expect our Ernest to show hot enthusiasm for the revolutionary ideas of Geneva.

Wait and see

Nor can you be surprised by his deputy, Mr. Leggett, dashing lukewarm water on the idea of paid holidays for all workers.

Let this bold plan stop on the shelf for a few years, argues Mr. Leggett, then it may "perhaps" be possible to do something about it. Or perhaps not.

A Government that has adopted "Wait and see" as its motto naturally has to be kicked rather than led into action. And Geneva administers the kick by voting for paid holidays despite Mr. Leggett's plea.

We are glad of that. We are also sorry that Britain is put to shame by the so-called "backward" countries.

How to do it

Now, for a change, let us thank the Ministry of Labour. It is sending 3,000 unemployed men over to Jersey to pick the potato and tomato crops.

An official will see they get proper accommodation and fair rates of pay, while their passage money has been advanced to them. Quite right, too!

Very lucky!

Luckiest man of the week—if you can call him a man—is Philip Farrant, drunken Oxford undergraduate who calls at the home of a man aged seventy-five and violently assaults him.

Lucky he has not to face a grave charge, lucky to be merely fined!

Before he tackles the Higher Learning, young Mr. Farrant should teach himself the rudiments of decent behaviour.

Razor warfare

Mr. Sandbach, K.C., "knows there are gangs terrorising people in Hyde Park." Our readers know it, too, for it has been the subject of a JOHN BULL warning.

Anyway, we're glad Mr. Sandbach sends to jail for three months two men who slash out with open razors in the Park one night.

Razor warfare is becoming too common in this green and pleasant land. If three months' hard labour doesn't deter the gangsters, give them three years!

Good for them

Incidentally, a word of praise to Det.-Sgt. Daws and Det. Sparks, who, to arrest these two slashers, have to wade through a crowd of ruffians armed with hammers and broken bottles, and to dodge razor swipes. But they get their men.

In doing so, they only live up to the reputation of the British police. But it helps to explain why that reputation remains the highest in the world.

Cheap wages

Many youths of twenty are being dismissed from Durham mines to make way for younger lads who get less pay.

Older married men are also being sacked in favour of single men, whom the colliery owners will not have to provide with house rent and coals.

We can't believe mining is so depressed as to justify a cheap wages ramp on the one hand and a cruel disregard of long service on the other. We may change our minds if there are wholesale resignations of mine directors on the score of old age.

Nonsense from the Bench

Liverpool magistrates bring out the birch again—after eleven years' rest. Two lads aged thirteen and eleven have the doubtful distinction of tasting it first.

The chairman says they deserve horse-whipping for stealing a penknife, pen and 3s. 10d. in cash.

Are horsewhips intended for the tender flesh of a boy of eleven?

Hospitals we want

More women are having their babies in hospitals and maternity homes. That's all to the good.

All to the bad is the lack of hospitals in new housing areas. Such essential aids to the community are usually thought of last—after all the land has been used up for shops and houses.

Common sense demands that every new suburb should have its hospital, with a maternity centre attached.

Fight for life

It's good news to hear that Mr. Henry Nelson is winning his fight for life.

We read how this young Harley Street surgeon pricks a finger while operating, develops blood poisoning, has to have his arm amputated and seems likely to die.

He must realise his peril when he feels that tiny stab. But he goes on with his duty—thereby adding another fine story of self-sacrifice to the proud records of surgery.

Is it fair?

A little story which raises a big question: A Cheshire man is summoned by his wife for maintenance. He had been paying her £2 15s. a week under a separation order, also paid for his daughter's education, but for the last six months has given her only 10s. a week.

The husband says he is bankrupt, as last year he was ordered to pay £2,000 damages and £300 costs as co-respondent in a divorce action. Moreover, he was thrown out of a £1,500-a-year job.

It may be said that he brought his misfortunes upon himself. But is it fair to ruin him as completely as if he were a forger or a dope pedlar?

Oddities

Women cyclists wearing shorts are prevented from entering a church to attend a wedding. The vicar thinks shorts improper, but in many churches shorts and bare legs are not objected to provided the women are not bareheaded.

We should have more respect for our reverend dress censors if they started with their own odd attire.

Fire menace

The Fire Brigades Union is fully justified in its complaint that some of the leading brigades in the country are being manned by greybeards.

Fire-fighting is a young man's job. That old men should have to hang on to their jobs for the sake of their pensions is a menace to public safety.

And the remedy is not to do the men out of their pensions, but to make a lower retiring age.

Hitting them again

The derelict areas of Wales have a new worry—a flood of dunning letters from debt-collecting agencies, some of whom are unscrupulous in the extreme.

You can't blame tradesmen for trying to recover money owed to them. You can't blame their customers for not paying up, so hopeless is their poverty.

They would pay if they could. As it is, many of them are falling victims to tuberculosis owing to malnutrition. And it's more than a pity that they should be harassed by the threats of callous debt agents.

Selfish parsons

Among the opponents of rehousing in some parts of the country are parsons who resent losing a number of their parishioners.

One at Lanchester, objects at a slum-clearance enquiry because an ancient parish is affected which has registers dating back to 1567.

A good age. But age produces most of the evils which make slum clearance necessary.

Human story

For ten years an Ashby-de-la-Zouch man, now aged eighty-two, has watched cricket in the park opposite his house.

But now he is bedridden, and the park hedge screens the cricket field from his view.

So he writes to the local council, asking if the hedge can be cut. And the council, sympathetically, leaves it to the highways committee.

Let the committee see to it that a very human story has a happy ending!

Nature in the raw

Once again the bitter furies of Mount Everest triumph over mere Man. Once again a British expedition fails to reach the world's highest summit.

"Silly to try," says the armchair critic. "What's the good of it, anyhow?"

But even if nothing can be learned by a successful attempt, even if it is hopeless to fight Nature in her last stronghold, brave men will still climb those blizzard-swept slopes for the sake of adventure alone. And one day the adventurers will not only win their fight, but the congratulations of the armchair critics.

New round-up

The police plan to round up seaside fortune-tellers this season.

But they complain that the law makes it very difficult for them to obtain convictions.

Probably the remedy lies with the people who patronise the charlatans. They must know that they are swindled in nine cases out of ten, and that if they give information to the police they will perform a public service.

Amy Mollison, who will shortly take a JOHN BULL *"Bullets" prize-winner and a companion for a flight over London*

Fly with Amy!

The Famous Airwoman tells what it is Like

WELL, here we are at one of London's aerodromes — Hanworth Airpark—for your first flight over London. And there is our machine, all gleaming spick and span—B.A. "Eagle"—it is aptly named among the mechanical birds of the air.

It is one of our newest limousines for the private owner, and the very sight of it, as we walk towards it, brings back memories of my first flight to Australia six years ago, and of the sort of machines we then had to make do for long and hazardous journeys.

Jump in while I tell you all about them and the revolutionary changes in aviation progress which these six years can record.

I notice you are flying in your best Sunday suit, and I can warrant you won't get a smut of oil or dust on it all the while you are in the air.

Neither do you need any special flying kit these days, for, as you see, the cabin is beautifully enclosed; plenty of glass all round the sides and above for a perfect view of air and land, and lots of room to move about.

DO you notice how the wing is below us? This is a low-wing monoplane, as opposed to a high wing type, where the wing is attached to the top of the fuselage, or main body. We get a better view of the sky this way, for one thing, and the cabin is in such a position that our view of London won't be obscured.

Well, pull the cabin door gently after you and settle down comfily for your trip in the air with me.

We self-start the motor, so, as you see. No need to spend weary minutes swinging the propeller by hand. Those days have gone.

Our 130-h.p. engine does about 130 miles per hour. That is its cruising speed.

Of course, you never run an aero engine "flat out" except when racing or for the take-off. If we did we could fly at 150 m.p.h.—pretty good for the private owner's machine.

Our engine will run for 20 miles to a gallon—considering its power, much better than what many cars will do.

All very different from my early days in the air. Then I had a second-hand biplane. Instead of cruising nicely at 130 m.p.h., I was lucky if I could get 80 to 85 m.p.h. out of her, and my engine was only about 85 h.p. Besides, I had to be muffled up in goggles and helmet and thick flying-suit to keep out the wind and the cold, while the noise of the engine was deafening.

Any passenger had to sit out in front of me like on a bicycle made for two, and conversation was impossible. Besides, we were shut off from each other in separate cockpits. Now, as you see, we sit side by side on comfy, well-upholstered seats in a cabin pleasingly decorated. We can turn on the heat if we are cold and keep the atmosphere at the temperature we require.

Notice the streamlined bonnet, or cowling, over the engine. You'd be surprised what a difference it makes to the speed of the machine.

Well, I expect you are impatient to start, so, now that we've warmed the engine up for the regulation four minutes, let's be off. . . .

In a few minutes, you see, we are running gently off the ground and are in the air.

Do you see that lever down at the side? Watch me as we rise, for I am going to pull up my undercarriage. Only the very latest light aeroplanes have this device. It is generally reserved for the lordly air liner of modern type.

By pulling up our "undercart" we are doing exactly as the birds do in flight—you will have noticed how they tuck their legs back when in flight. This means we can make more progress, for everything sticking out from an aeroplane meets the air and causes wind resistance, and so slackens speed.

We shall move forward another 20 m.p.h. when our undercarriage is completely retracted. Then our 130 m.p.h. cruising speed will be reached. I shall not let the wheels down again till we are coming in to land, and there's a dial on the instrument board, as you see, which will warn me not to forget, otherwise we will slither down on the body of the machine and do some damage.

We're up 2,000 ft. now. Take a good look round, for we are on the west of London. Follow the Thames on the map, and pick out familiar landmarks for yourself.

SEE that shimmering water over your left shoulder? They are the reservoirs between Brooklands Aerodrome and Heston Airport—always a good guide for the beginner making his first cross-country flights.

You can just see the track round Brooklands away in the distance, some 20 miles in the south, while Heston, of course, is just across the road.

Now we will turn towards Kingston and follow the winding river. Water always shows up remarkably well to the pilot, and that is why, as you see, rivers are plainly marked on these air maps. Roads are not so good to follow. Railways are, and you will notice, as we go over Epping Forest, how the forest is exactly the shape it is on this map. These woods are always good guides for aviation.

Yes, flying has been made much easier than it was six years ago.

These "blind flying" instruments in front of your seat were then unknown. It was foolhardy to venture into cloud, as you might soon be upside down when trying to turn. Now it's easy, as you have only to read the instruments in front of us, of which there are a dozen or more, compared with about four, which is all I had to go to Australia with.

Progress has certainly been remarkably rapid in those six years. The biplane, for instance, which you see flying over Heston just above us, is fast disappearing. It is disappearing from civil aviation in place of the great monoplane air liner. It is disappearing for the private owner in place of comfy monoplanes like this one, for those who like the comfort of a closed-cabin machine.

Being a woman, I like to appear fresh and tidy after even a long Empire flight, so I prefer the cabin type to being wind-swept and tanned in an open machine. I'm sure your wife here in the seat behind us would agree with me if she tried both. Perhaps, being a man, you would like the wind and rain and the sun beating down on you.

Even in the Royal Air Force the biplane is fast disappearing. The 300-m.p.h. fighters and bombers now being built are all monoplanes, and the last of the biplanes will be grounded in the next five years. This is because we can get more efficiency and cheaper upkeep costs with a monoplane. There are no struts and bracing wires between the upper and lower planes, as we have only one wing. There are thus no rigging problems and annual overhaul is much cheaper. This is a very important item.

Another great improvement of these years is engine reliability. Here we are merrily going along at 130 m.p.h. behind an engine I have perfect confidence in. You need not fear it will suddenly go wrong. To-day we go 500 to 600 hours of flying between overhauls. Six years ago about 150 hours was the limit. Think what that means to limited pockets like mine, not to have your engine taken out for overhauls so often. It makes flying much more cheap and safe, and brings it gradually within the reach of a larger number of people who want to have their own machines.

Well, we've followed the river, and there are the Houses of Parliament and Tower Bridge. Look the other way, and you can see almost to Richmond. Isn't the view wonderful?

WE'VE been up about 30 minutes now, and have a 15 minutes' flight back home, so let us do a gentle turn and follow the river back.

Of course, everyone can't own a machine like this, and everyone doesn't want to. Flying progress does not mainly depend on that, but on the number of passengers who will use air travel as an ordinary means of transport.

And that reminds me. We had no air lines in Great Britain when I was first flying. To-day there is a network of them, and by British Airways or Railway Air Services you can go to most big cities or the seaside. Try it next time for your summer holidays.

Look, in the distance can you see the twinkling red neon lights of the aerodrome? This beckons us home, and is a very good guide in bad weather. We shall not be long now. I must get ready to let down my undercarriage first, so that the wheels are ready for alighting.

Now we must go and look at the windsock on the edge of the aerodrome for the wind direction, or at that smoke which you can see oozing mysteriously out of the ground. That is a very new idea for wind indication. We must turn into wind to steady our landing.

I am going to throttle back the engine, so don't be alarmed. We always come in with the engine shut off. You can see the nose pointing down now. Watch the speedometer needle, or air speed indicator, as it is called. Although we can fly as fast as 150 m.p.h., we can go right down to 45 m.p.h. without losing flying speed or control. Isn't it a marvellous feeling, this gentle gliding back to earth!

I shall make my final turn into wind now, and if you look ahead carefully you will see the exact moment when we touch the earth. You'll hardly feel it, so well sprung is our undercarriage.

We have touched. Now I can gently apply my brakes—an unheard-of luxury six years ago—and we can pull up without running too far over the aerodrome.

Jump out now . . . and don't tell me you haven't had a thrill!

Amy Mollison

IF HITLER

Building up the most formidable fighting machine the world has ever seen, Germany trains her youth rigorously . . . .

How Near Are We to War?

by W. N. EWER

(the Authority on Foreign Affairs)

FOR the Mediterranean States Italy is the war-threatening danger; for the Pacific it is Japan; for Central and Eastern Europe it is Germany.

Does Germany, does Hitler, mean to keep the peace or to make war? If he means war, when and against whom? These are tremendous questions.

Hitler speaks with two voices.

Since he has come to power he has made speech after speech in which he passionately declares that he desires peace, that Germany is only rearming for her defence.

But the written word remains. The Bible of the Nazi movement is *Mein Kampf*, compulsorily distributed in hundreds of thousands, the sacred word of the Leader.

And the teaching of *Mein Kampf* is that the new Germany must unite itself, strengthen itself, arm itself, in order to win new territory by the sword.

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Germany must become a world Power: to be a world Power "her territory must be brought into harmony with the numbers of her population.

"The lost lands must be won back by force of arms," But the frontiers of 1914 are not enough. "They would not give internal solidarity, nor would they provide sufficient nourishment."

There must be more. "Germany must acquire fresh lands in Europe itself. . . . When we talk of fresh lands in Europe we think of Russia and of her border States."

There can be no doubt, no shadow of doubt, as to the intentions of Hitler when he wrote *Mein Kampf* in 1923.

France, as the "permanent and inexorable enemy," must be "rammed." The "lost lands"—meaning all lands inhabited by people of German race and speech—must be reunited with Germany. Fresh room for the "people without room" must be conquered in the East, from the "crumbling Russian Empire," and the feeble border States.

It is clearly set out in the programme of the National Socialist German Workers' Party.

"We demand the union of all Germans to form a Great Germany on the basis of the right of the self-determination enjoyed by nations.

"We demand land and territory for the nourishment of our people, and for settlement of our superfluous population."

There is *Mein Kampf;* there is the Party programme. Neither has been repudiated; both stand as the formal, official, *ex cathedra* statement of the policy of the Party, of the Government, of the régime, of Germany. But do they hold good in fact?

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Certainly there are other points in the programme which still hold good in theory, but which Herr Hitler and his colleagues, oath or no oath, are certainly not doing, or going to do, anything to put into practice.

There is Point 11 of the programme, for instance: "We demand the abolition of all incomes not earned by work."

There is Point 13: "We demand nationalisation of all businesses which have been formed into trusts."

There is plenty more that is in *Mein Kampf* and in the programme comparable with this; stuff for Party propaganda, not for Government policy.

Hitler's speeches of 1936 are in quite different vein from Hitler's writings of 1923.

Only — the writings are still there.

Here is the Hitler of 1936:

"We seek peace, because we love peace. Germany will be peace-loving so long as her honour is untouched.

"We have no territorial demands to make in Europe.

"The tensions which arise from the disproportion between the sizes of populations and their living room cannot be solved by war.

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"Germany wants peace abroad. I do not need to lead millions to slaughter so that other millions may believe in me.

"Germany desires peace, conciliation, quietness, work and bread."

That is Hitler—1936 brand. Which is the truth? It is the old story of the dog which growls and wags its tail. Which end are we to believe?

Fine words butter no parsnips. And pacific speeches have failed to remove fears. All around Germany the people of the neighbouring States are terribly anxious, terribly afraid.

They hear the speeches. They read the peace proposals, offers of non-aggression pacts and the like. But they know that the doctrines are still there, that *Mein Kampf* is still there, that its tenets are taught to every child in every German school.

And they are afraid. They are afraid that the speeches and the proposals may be for the moment, may only mean that Germany is not ready: that in a year, or two years, or three years, the man who now says "Peace" may again be crying that "the lost lands must be won back by force of arms."

Whatever is said, whatever is written, they believe that German ambitions and aspirations remain, that to fulfil them, by force if need be and occasion serves, must be the constant aim of German policy.

What are those ambitions? Roughly, four:

To get free of the inequalities imposed on Germany by the Versailles Treaty.

To recover the territories then taken from her.

To unite all the German peoples in the German State.

To win room for settlement in Eastern Europe.

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The first of these, Herr Hitler declares, has now been achieved by rearmament and the re-occupation of the Rhineland. It has been achieved without war; but it has been achieved by deliberate violation of treaties, at the risk of war.

Second come the "lost lands" ceded to the victorious Allies at Versailles.

The "lost lands" in Europe are:

Alsace and Lorraine, ceded to France.

Eupen and Malmedy, ceded to Belgium.

Slesvig, ceded to Denmark.

The "corridor," Posen, and half of Upper Silesia, ceded to Poland.

Dantzig, made a "free city."

Memel, now Lithuanian.

Outside Europe there are the former German colonies, now under mandates:

South-West Africa, under South African mandate.

East Africa, under British mandate.

Ruanda and Urundi, under Belgian mandate.

Cameroon, under British and French mandates.

Togoland, under British and French mandates.

New Guinea, under Australian mandate.

Samoa, under New Zealand mandate.

Caroline and Marshall Islands, under Japanese mandate.

All, both in Europe and outside—with the possible exceptions of Alsace-Lorraine and Posen—are, according to Nazi doctrine, to be recovered for the "Fatherland."

Next come the German and German-speaking peoples outside the boundary of the Reich.

The list is a formidable one, even if we leave aside the German settlements on the Volga in Transylvania:

In Austria there are 6,000,000 of them; in Czechoslovakia, 3,000,000; in Switzerland, 3,000,000; in Hungary, 500,000; in the Baltic States, 100,000.

A total population of nearly

SAYS 'WAR!'

—The Gravest Danger Spot

. . . until they see themselves as the goose-stepping legions of to - morrow marching to a war that would stain red the whole of the world

13,000,000—apart from the population of the lost lands, which, according to Nazi doctrine, must be united with their race-brothers of the German Reich.

So we have the claim to the "lost lands," the claim to the territory inhabited by 13,000,000, and on top the vaguest claim to territory in Eastern Europe, in which the German people may find room for expansion and colonisation.

These are claims openly made, held as an article of faith, by the rulers of the strongest nation in Central Europe. And at the same time that nation is straining every nerve and making every sacrifice to equip itself with the most formidable fighting machine ever seen.

It is not surprising that all round the German frontiers there is fear: fear that sooner or later—and maybe sooner—she will strike: fear in each country that the first blow may fall there.

What are the chances? What are the real purposes of German policy? Is Berlin preparing to make war on the Soviet Union, or to annex Austria, or to partition Czechoslovakia, or to demand, with threat of war on Great Britain, return of her colonies: or what?

Attack on the Soviet Union is much talked of. As soon as the Rhineland is fortified so that a French invasion becomes impossible, Germany will strike in the East, seeking at once to "destroy Bolshevism" and to conquer new lands for colonisation.

That is the prophecy.

It is very doubtful. True, Hitler's hatred of Bolshevism and the Soviet Union is, with his hatred of Jews, the dominant passion of his mind. The two merge. He sees "Marxism" as a Jewish conspiracy, organised in Moscow, to destroy Aryan civilisation. He sees himself as divinely entrusted with the mission of destroying the destroyers.

Were Germany and Russia neighbours as before 1914, war would be inevitable, would have come long since. But to-day there lie between them hundreds of miles of "neutral" territory. They cannot get at each other. An invasion of Russia by way of the Baltic States on the North, or by way of Czechoslovakia and Roumania on the South, is militarily unthinkable. The only possible way is across Poland. And if one thing in European politics seems sure, it is that the Poles have no intention of joining in an attack on either of their powerful neighbours or of allowing either the Reichswehr or the Red Army to cross their country.

If an attack on Russia in the East can, at any rate for the present, be ruled out, so can an attack on France.

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It is in the centre—for Austria and Czechoslovakia—that the graver danger lies: for small States which, in modern conditions, could not hope to resist the German armies even for a few weeks.

Austria, with getting on for half its people, more than half its youth, strongly for union with Germany, could not fight at all.

The war-plan of the Czechoslovak army, it is reported, is to make no attempt to defend Prague or Brünn, but to retreat into the Slovakian hills and hold on there in the hope of assistance!

Just as Italy, under modern conditions of war, is immeasurably stronger than any of the Balkan States, so Germany is immeasurably stronger than any of her Central European neighbours; none of them—except possibly Poland—could make any resistance at all.

So they must, as do Poland and Denmark, make every effort to preserve the friendliest relations with the Reich, or they must—like Austria and Czechoslovakia—rely on having a close alliance with some other Great Power, so strong and so pledged to protect them that Germany would hesitate to attack.

And that sort of system in itself means danger. Serbia's reliance in 1914 on Russia's willingness to protect her against Austria-Hungary did not prevent war. It ensured only that the murder of an Austrian Archduke in Serajevo brought all Europe into the trenches.

Here, maybe, lies the most real danger in Middle Europe. Despite the doctrines of *Mein Kampf*, it is hardly likely that the German army will suddenly march on Vienna and Prague without warning.

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But even though that be ruled out from the probabilities, there are enough remaining.

Suppose that, with or without orders from Berlin, there were an internal explosion in Austria. The Government is weak: the Nazi party gains strength: the position is anything but stable. Suppose a Nazi revolt, civil war, the issue in the balance. German intervention, Italian intervention would both become immediate possibilities.

An ultimatum from Berlin to Vienna: the marching of Italian troops (as they were ready to march in 1934) to the Fascist Government's aid: either of these would be enough to bring the explosion.

In Czechoslovakia the big German minority complains more and more of unfair treatment by the Czech majority. The Czechs complain more and more that the German minority is disloyal, that to give it all freedom and all privileges may be to endanger the State.

Suppose that this internal conflict becomes sharper, that the "Sudeten-Germans" become more rebellious, the Czechs more repressive. Suppose Germany intervenes on behalf of the "oppressed minority," makes demands which the Czech Government feels it cannot concede. That is precisely the kind of situation from which wars spring.

Or, again, with Lithuania, there is the question of the rights of the Memellanders. So far Germany has left their protection to the guarantor Powers—Britain, France and Italy. She may not always be content to do so, or satisfied with what they do.

There are opportunities enough for trouble in these lands where there are big German populations under foreign rule. And nothing would be easier than for German diplomacy, if it calculated that the chances were favourable, to provoke a quarrel, and to put one of its small neighbours before the alternatives of yielding to threats or facing the risks of war.

"It is not by fiery protests that oppressed lands are brought back into the embrace of a common Reich, but by power.

"It is the task of the leaders of a nation, in their domestic policy, to forge that power; in their foreign policy they must see that the forging is done, and they must seek men to wield the weapon."

Thus *Mein Kampf*.

So much for the "lost lands" in Europe. There are also the colonies.

The doctrine of *Mein Kampf* is that the policy of oversea expansion was for Germany pure folly. "Sound policy lay in acquiring fresh lands in Europe. Colonies are useless if they appear unsuitable for settling Europeans in large numbers."

The post-war campaign for recovery of the colonies was a Jewish plot. "Many a silly German bullfinch flew only too readily to the birdlime made ready by the Jews, protested against the loss of our colonies and suggested that we ought to recover them."

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But to-day the tune is changing. Racial doctrine is one thing, economic pressure another, The *Mein Kampf* idea of a vast German colonisation of Russia and the borderlands looks more and more fantastic as Russia grows stronger. The adding of Austria and the German districts of Czechoslovakia to the Reich would aggravate Germany's economic problems.

The opinion gains ground that, despite *Mein Kampf*, the real need is not for more German lands in Europe, but for markets and raw materials. The cry is that Germany is being economically strangled, because she is to-day a "Have-not" country, a great industrial nation without access to the lands overseas.

At the moment there is no scrap of danger of Germany's attempting to regain her lost colonial empire by war. Germany will urge and negotiate and hope either for a voluntary redistribution of colonial territory or for some arrangement which will give her at least a full equality of economic opportunity there.

But suppose that the British Empire were to be involved in war, in a struggle with Japan in the Pacific, with Italy in the Near East. Here would be an opportunity. The German power could be thrown into the scale on one side or the other. Restoration of colonies could be demanded as the price of assistance.

Here, then, is Germany, a people of 70,000,000, whose national vigour, ability and prowess are of the first order; a nation rapidly arming itself; a nation brimful of a deep belief in present injury and future greatness; a nation led by a man and a party whose passionate teaching is that injury can only be redressed and greatness only achieved by force.

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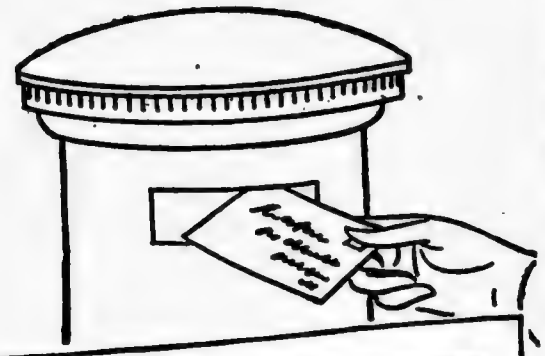
Dangers may pass. The German danger may not be to-day as overwhelming and as immediate as many fear, as some, for motives of their own, insist.

But it is there: not only in the teachings of *Mein Kampf*, but in the very facts of the situation: a great, heavily armed, dissatisfied, passionate nation in the midst of Europe, seething with suppressed desires, strong enough, given some turn of events that offers hope of success, to attempt to achieve those desires by force.

Next Week:

Who is Working for Peace?

"Snap enclosed!"



Take snaps to put in your letters

and give your friends and relations a pleasant surprise. Snaps do say such a lot, and they're very little trouble to take, so—out with the 'Kodak' this Summer!

The *Baby 'Brownie,'* shown here, is supremely simple—you just aim and press the trigger. Smooth 1936 streamline. Tested Kodak lens. Fine big pictures. Built to take a No. 127 Kodak Film.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Truly, "A Man Sent from God"

See Red Again, Lady Astor—Winston on the Right Horse—A Parson we would Send to Jail—Sport and the Poor Man

DEAR GIPSY SMITH,—We must all pay you tribute. Even those who do not share your views must acknowledge you as one of the most remarkable men of our time.

And the great meeting in Westminster's Central Hall, held to celebrate your diamond jubilee as an evangelist, is an event which I for one shall always remember.

I am glad that some eight thousand people, old and young, should come from all parts of the country to do you honour; that so many more—from the King himself to the humblest of his subjects—should send you messages of congratulation and admiration.

Your passionate sincerity appeals to us all.

Looking at you, as you stand in the crowded hall, you do not seem a particularly impressive figure. True, you are well-built and upright, despite your seventy-six years, but that is all.

Until you speak! Then, in those simple phrases in which you describe your romantic life, a great personality is revealed.

* * *

There are tears in your voice as you tell how, when you were six, your gipsy mother was buried near your father's tent in Epping Forest.

How you were converted at sixteen; taught yourself to read and write; how, while selling clothes-pegs from door to door, you preached and sang hymns to anyone who would listen.

All that seems very long ago. Now, when you preach, thousands hang on your words.

A little while ago, when you paid your thirty-second visit to the United States, twenty-one thousand men and women crammed into a single theatre to hear you, and over seven thousand others were turned away!

The orthodox, I know, find you too emotional for their liking. But there can be no doubt that you have done far more for the cause of religion than all the dry-as-dust, respectable preachers put together.

"A man sent from God," Lloyd George describes you, and millions of people in every quarter of the world will echo his words.

* * *

One of your strongest characteristics, it seems to me, is your tolerance. You are not one of those who think it sinful for anyone to dance or go to the kinema!

"I advise people to go wherever their conscience will let them," you say, and that is a tenet I should like every parson to endorse.

Well, let us hope you will long be able to exercise your tolerance, your persuasion, your determined energy. The fact that you can assure us that the last winter was one of the most successful in your career shows there is still much for you to do.

JOHN BULL.

"Your passionate sincerity appeals to us all"

Lady ASTOR, M.P., *London, S.W.*

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—You're right, of course. We must give children an equal chance.

We must abolish slum schools. We must stop the "staggering waste" in our education system—neglecting youngsters under five and making them go into industry at fourteen.

All this you and I have been advocating for years. Unfortunately, as you say, we have to fight the educated minority who are terrified of others being educated. The blindness of these people makes you see red, you declare.

Go on seeing red!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, *House of Commons*

DEAR WINSTON,—You and I rarely see eye to eye, but I'm delighted by your willingness to work for the creation of an international police force that, by maintaining the rule of law throughout the world, would make war virtually impossible.

This, of course, is the principal aim of the New Commonwealth Society, and you are to be president of the society's British section.

I am convinced that the surest way to make the nations respect law and order is to put ample force at the disposal of the League. And I look forward to the time when the rearmament scheme you champion will be used to protect the weaker nations as well as ourselves.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. GEORGE G. GARRATT, *Ryde, Isle of Wight*

REV. SIR,—You're a man I should very much like to jail.

Everyone must have been revolted by the story of how you drove off with four dogs chained to your motor-cycle, so that one of them fell down and was dragged along the road. Then, when you were stopped and your wife came up, you struck her across the head with the injured terrier.

Yet you "keenly resent any suggestion of cruelty." You admit only to a "passage of the dog through the air."

Evidently you have a language of your own. But I think you will understand me when I describe your action as that of a ruffian.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. J. FINDLAY, *Secretary, M.C.C.*

DEAR MR. FINDLAY,—No one knows the significance of a sporting event better than the shilling-a-time enthusiast. So the usual doubling of the admission fee for this year's Test at Lord's won't worry him, since the event has little competitive interest.

But, in future, I'd like to see your great organisation make provision for the poorer followers of cricket, particularly when it is the turn of the Australians to visit this country once more.

I believe that no great contest—not even the Cup Final—is quite satisfactory unless it can be seen by the chap who can afford no more than a shilling for an afternoon's amusement, but who is the backbone of Sport.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. L. SPICKETT, *Chief Sanitary Officer, Barry*

DEAR SIR,—I admire you for saying something that few officials are willing to admit in public.

"People with the biggest pull," you declare, "are given council houses."

That is true of many towns, as I have been pointing out for years. If most council officials had your courage I fancy the wire-pulling councillors would soon have to stop this shameful racket.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, *Minister of Health*

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—Someone ought to tell you that the Scottish fruit crop is already being ruined by drought. Of course, there is no lack of water in Scotland, but few of its great rivers are harnessed for the benefit of the people.

Small authorities cannot tackle big reservoir schemes unless you make them grants, and I hope you will do so without further delay.

JOHN BULL.

MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL, *London*

GENTLEMEN,—Thomas Hopkins, of West Ham, is bitten at Tilbury by an adder. His life is in danger, so there's a mad race for anti-snake bite serum.

The Zoo has given its last drop to save the life of a little girl. A desperate situation, but Hopkins is just pulled through without the serum.

Now, adders are always plentiful in this country. This year there are more than ever. Cannot every hospital and every doctor be told where serum can be obtained?

JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCILLORS, *Lanarkshire*

GENTLEMEN,—You don't seem to know your own minds.

You agree that any woman on the educational staff should get a man's wages. That's fair enough. But you also decide that women officials not employed on the educational staff should be paid lower wages than men. That is obviously inconsistent. If you believe in equal rights for women you should not confine them to school-teachers, and I am not surprised that the National Association of Local Government Officers is to take up the matter.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. A. INGLIS, *Nottingham*

DEAR SIR,—I appreciate your argument that parents of child offenders should be brought to court and charged. You mean they should have guided their children better.

Well you are responsible for guiding the parish of St. Mary. And I shouldn't like you to be thrown into jail whenever a case of burglary, wife-beating or theft occurs in the parish.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. RUPERT LEE, *London*

DEAR SIR,—I am not sorry the Customs officials refuse to allow certain pictures to enter the country to be shown in an exhibition you are staging.

The Customs regard the pictures as obscene and would have burned them but for your intervention. Now they are to be snipped back to Denmark, and I'm glad to hear it.

One of the "works of art" in the exhibition is supposed to represent Lord Kitchener as "an eater of children," and if the banned pictures are as distasteful we can very well do without them.

JOHN BULL.

Sir GODFREY COLLINS, Secretary for Scotland: If you've "no powers" to stop thousands of tons of good fish being dumped back into sea, why not get powers?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. O. LEWIS, M.P.: Tea is luxury poor could do without, you infer. Some M.P.s luxuries poor could do without.—JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

WHAT on earth did he see in her,
With her comical, turned-in toes?
And what, oh! what did she see in him?
I really haven't a notion dim,
But Henniker-Heaton knows!

For Henniker-Heaton, F.S.A.,
Has studied the human race;
He notes their symptoms as they appear,
And all their motives are crystal-clear,
For each is another "case."

Why Jack weds Jill, Smith keeps white mice,
And Jones all "arty" goes,
Why hens cross roads, cats laugh at kings,
Are just a few of the many things
That Henniker-Heaton knows!

Mr. Raymond Henniker-Heaton, F.S.A., is a psychologist, and I have it on the authority of my favourite dilly-daily that "fashionably dressed women listened enthralled" the other day while he told mankind where it gets off—and why.

For, like so many psychologists, our Mr. Hyphenated-Heaton, whatever one may think of his wisdom, is a "whys" man—his whys taking the form not of interrogations but of explanations.

Have you, for example, ever paused to consider your reasons for giving a saucer of milk to a hungry kitten, instead of hanging it by its tail from the door-knocker? H.-H. knows exactly why you behave thus—it is because kindness to animals tends to satisfy one's desire for power. So there!

Perhaps you don't see the point? Well, let's try another: Why does a small man try to click with the tallest girl in sight? If you can't guess a simple one like that you're obviously no psychologist.

The answer, according to our learned F.S.A., is that the poor, undersized sap is "trying to conquer his inferiority complex"—a job which appears to occupy a large portion of the time of the human race.

When, f'rinstance, a rich man collects pictures, the chances are that he is merely trying to overcome an inferiority complex. Also: "It is our own sense of inferiority that makes us speak of people we don't like as 'dirty,' especially foreigners."

Indeed, there is practically nothing that can't be attributed to our alleged "inferiority complex"—good deeds no less than bad. For if you present a penny to a beggar, don't flatter yourself that this juxtaposition of alms and the man proves that you are charitably inclined.

Not a bit of it! Your real motive is that the action gives you a feeling of relative wealth and power and thus temporarily mitigates your appalling sense of inferiority!

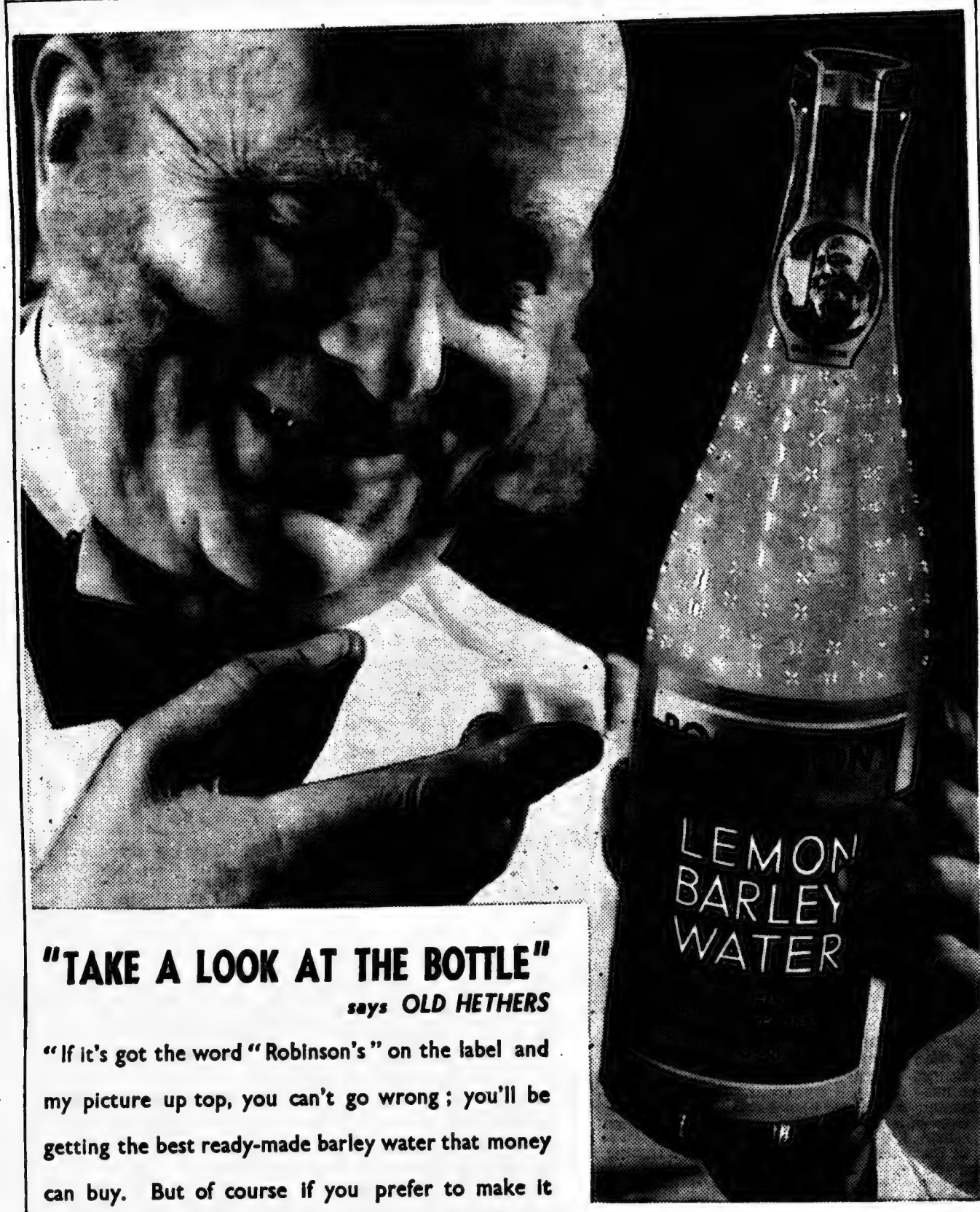
WISDOM FOR WORMS

However man may swank and strut,
Deep down in his interior
He knows that he's a fraud and fake,
And, being Nature's worst mistake,
He needs must feel inferior!

E'en if he does a kindly act,
When up-to-date psychology
His hidden motive has unfurled,
The wretch will feel he owes the world
A full and frank apology!

Yes, man, proud man, is but a worm
That pundits put their feet on!
Once hailed as Nature's paragon,
He met his Waterloo upon
The playing-fields of Heaton!

Y. Z.



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says J. H. Mendes, famous film director

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Other Prize winners have been informed.

STA-BLOND

The MADHOUSE of the Universe

A large proportion of the world's workers underfed—while food is thrown away because the system of trade keeps it from those who need it most

by A. G. Gardiner

IT has been said by some cynic that this terrestrial orb, to which we cling with our feet as it circles round the sun, is the madhouse of the universe.

Some colour is lent to that morbid view of human society by the thoughts aroused by a document that has just been issued to the International Labour Conference at Geneva.

If the world were sane that document would work a revolution. It would be the most beneficent revolution in history. It would change the whole outlook of mankind, reverse the axioms of statesmanship, and solve all the major conundrums of this perplexed and disordered civilisation.

For here is a document that goes to the root of our human problem, and offers a solution so reasonable, so practical, so easy that, the world being what it is and the statesmen being what they are, there is little chance of its being seriously heeded.

CONSIDER for a moment what the problem is. To whatever race we belong, white, black or yellow, and whatever continent we inhabit, we have one interest in common. It is to make a habitable world, a place in which we can live the little span allotted to us in peace, in security, in comfort and in reasonable prosperity.

Mankind has been in pursuit of this goal for thousands of years. But it has been in pursuit of it sword in hand under the pathetic illusion that there is not enough food to go round and that the prosperity of one is the impoverishment of others.

All the experiences of history disprove the illusion, but it still holds the field. It was never more in evidence than it is to-day, when every nation is arming, arming, arming for the war that is coming, with whom we know not, and about what we know not. All that we know is that, whoever is the nominal victor, it will leave the world, victors and vanquished alike, in a worse mess than it finds it.

AND meanwhile this finger-post from Geneva points the way to the goal that we all seek with a clearness and authority that cannot be resisted. If the problem to be solved is how the peoples of the earth can be fed, clothed and housed, here is the solution. The idea that made wars in the past intelligible is no longer tenable.

That idea was that the resources of the earth were limited and that the possession of those resources by one community involved the poverty of other communities. Behind all wars, whether their apparent motive was racial, dynastic, or religious, there lurked the spectre of Hunger—hunger for land, food, trade and all the desirable things of life.

That spectre still haunts the world. It has not been laid by war. It can never be laid by war. War only intensifies it and changes its incidence. But it can be laid by means of the policy indicated in the report on "Workers' Nutrition and Social Policy" which has been presented to the I.L.C. at Geneva.

That report deals with the paradox that has perplexed and shocked the post-war world. It is the paradox of "Poverty in Plenty."

We are confronted with two irreconcilable facts. On the one hand, the potentialities of the earth have increased out of all reckoning. When little more than a century ago Malthus alarmed the world by declaring that population was overtaking the possible food resources of the earth and that Famine was ahead, he did not foresee the astonishing achievements of science.

To-day, with a population five times greater than then, the fear of famine is banished. There is (or should be) abundance for all. The marvellous strides in agricultural productiveness, the revolution in world transport, the new science of storage, the mechanism of distribution have made plenty for all attainable.

Side by side with this, science in the last decade has unveiled the mysteries of the nutritive basis of health. It has disclosed the minute food elements on which vitality and energy depend. It has revealed to us the miraculous world of vitamins and the functions of protective foods. In the light of all this, the resources of the earth seem illimitable and famine a menace that has ceased to be.

That is one side of the paradox. Plenty for all. Turn to the other side, revealed in this illuminating survey based on the whole range of international experience.

What do we find? Not plenty, but poverty. The workers, even in the most advanced industrial countries, inadequately nourished. Malnutrition rampant, not merely in times of depression, but in times of normal activity. Even in our own country, which stands relatively high, it is estimated that 50 per cent. of the population is suffering either from malnutrition or actual underfeeding.

HOW is the paradox to be explained? Much of the malnutrition is admitted to be due to ignorance of nutritive values and to the inability of the incompetent housewife to make the best use of her money.

But the main cause is low wages and the lack of purchasing power. The food is available, but it is cut off from the people who need it as effectively as if it did not exist. And the result is that in every country vast masses of the population live in a condition of malnutrition, under-feeding and semi-starvation. They cannot afford to buy the foods, especially the protective foods, fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, dairy produce, abundant milk, that are necessary to maintain them in full physical efficiency.

How much this is the case, even in this country, with its insurance system, is shown by the statistics recently published of the alarming number of recruits for the Army who are rejected as physically unfit.

Is it not a matter of shame to a great nation—especially a nation whose existence depends on its industry—that large numbers of its people should labour in its mills and workshops in an underfed condition and should only know what adequate feeding is when they are enrolled for the purely destructive purpose of war?

If this is not an evidence of the world's insanity, I do not know what insanity is.

And this failure to make the abundance of Nature accessible to the needs of men is largely the deliberate act of Governments. This is shown unflinchingly in the report to the I.L.C. In almost every country, our own now among them, food prices are kept high by agricultural protection and restriction. The import of foodstuffs is interfered with. Uneconomic forms of production are encouraged. Taxation is imposed on essential foods.

IN short, in every way that legislation can conceive the gulf between the people and the food they need is artificially widened.

This is not merely a social question. It goes to the root of the world's ailment. The cloud of depression that overhangs human society would vanish if this artificial scarcity ceased and the ravages of under-consumption were abolished. International trade would "grow like asparagus in May" if the fetters on consumption were struck off and the paradox of "Poverty in Plenty" no longer haunted the world with the twin fears of Hunger and War.

Not until the Governments of the world are made to realise that their business is to organise plenty for the people with the same energy that they are now organising war for them shall we be able to say that the cynic was wrong when he said that we live in the Madhouse of the Universe.

Take Your Load

READY acceptance of responsibility is one of the marks of a man who knows himself and is sure of himself. Your weak man dodges responsibility. He is always willing to "pass the buck," always ready to let someone do his dirty work for him. There are some people who develop a positive genius for sitting back and letting others carry their burden.

Nevertheless, the acceptance of responsibility carries its own responsibility with it. It is no good agreeing to take on a job and then grumbling because time and energy are taken up in carrying it out. If you agree to do a job, do it and do it willingly and cheerfully.

The Human Machine

That is the real meaning of responsibility. It means shouldering the burdens because you want to shoulder them. It means taking up a task because you want to take it up and because you know you can carry it through.

It means carrying a load because you wish to relieve someone else of its burden. If responsibility doesn't mean all this to you you'd far better let it alone. You're not fitted for the job of shouldering it.

When you take on responsibility you take on worries and irritations. You take on real work. You take on things that will occupy your time when you would far rather be doing something else.

It's just lying down on the job if you begin to grumble at the worry and care it causes you. You're not helping. You're not even just hindering. You're piling back the responsibility on the shoulders from which you took it, with your own peevishness and lack of character added as a further worry.

What you agree to do, do willingly and cheerfully or don't do it at all. Cheerfulness in action is a golden rule of life. It is the oil that makes life's wheels run smoothly.

Her New Frock

WOMEN can be house-proud, men proud of their cars, the gardens they tend so lovingly. Yet perhaps nothing surpasses the pride a little girl will have in her newest dress.

She will walk out in it with an especial air of importance. She will open a cupboard ten times a day to look at it. She will whisper to you, "Sh! I've got a secret," and steal to the wardrobe. So does femininity dawn.

That was the particular point of a fire that occurred in a house at Liverpool a few days before the Whitsuntide holidays. Out of a debris of ruined clothing came a charred morsel of a frock that was going to be worn in the holidays.

The child owner cried, of course. And as for her mother, well, there were other losses to be made good.

"I was afraid she was going to be without a pretty dress for Whitsuntide, which would have worried me," the mother wrote a few days after, "but, thanks to JOHN BULL, she is all smiles to-day."

Yes, when JOHN BULL paid for the damage it paid for the loss of that little butterfly creation as well. It was just as much part of that householder's loss as anything else.

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WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. Caborne Mills (Dept. 8), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WOOL SALE. Free patts. Knit from 1d. oz. Rug fr. 6½d. lb., and 16-page Rug Guide.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Ne.-on-Tyne.

UNIQUE Wrist Watch Offer! 1/- deposit brings you a ladies' or gent's latest model with fine chrome case and fitted super-balanced lever movement. This bargain is fully described in the advert. of Anglo-Swiss Products in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," page 2.

WRITE for the Spring catalogue (men's and women's) offered by Smartwear, Ltd., of 283-271, Regent Street, London, W.1, on page 37.

EXTENSION Ladders.—Reduced prices for 2 weeks only. Fine sides, oak rungs, carr. paid. 6ft. to 10ft., 11/-; 7ft to 12ft., 13/-; 8ft to 14ft., 17/-; 9ft. to 16ft., 19/-; 10ft. to 18ft., 22/-; 11ft. to 20ft., 25/-; 12ft. to 22ft., 28/-; 13ft. to 24ft., 31/-; 14ft. to 26ft., 34/-; 16ft. to 30ft., 40/-; 18ft. to 34ft., 46/-.—Ladders light, Ladders long, Ladders stout, Ladders strong.—Philpott John (Dept. J.B.), 82, Waddon Rd., Croydon, Surrey.

BABY-CLOTHES. — EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Homes and Welfare centres. 75-garment Layette with full-size shawl, 30/-, or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro. (Cash or Terms).—Mrs. J. Howard 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

FREE.—Every cyclist needs accessories of some kind or another. Therefore he or she will find a copy of Bluemel's catalogue of extreme value. It's cram full of useful suggestions which will appeal to all cyclists. A copy will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bluemel Bros., Dept. 12c, Wolston, nr. Coventry.

GARDENING.

NOW is the time to use SANGRAL.—the 10-Day FERTILISER for better flowers, Fruit, vegetables and lawns. 100 per cent. safe and effective. 6d., 1/6 and 3/-. Sold everywhere.

UNIQUE "Fibre" Table Garden, containing six charming miniature living Plants, Flowers and Perfume. Practically no attention required. Full satisfaction guaranteed. 2/6, carriage 6d. extra (name station). Florist Trade inquiries invited.—Faery Gardens, Cullompton, Devon.

JAP. "Poppy" Anemones. Sturdy young giant-flowering plants in bud for immediate brilliant effect. Grow anywhere. Glorious colours to choice; scarlet, crimson, pink, mauve, purple—or mixed. 12 for 2/6, 50 for 9/-, 100 for 16/-. Most packed. Pass. train paid.—Dulferd Nurseries, Cullompton, Devon.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA. No Extra prices. 1/4 lb., 10 lb. 13/4, carr. pd. Hotels & Schools catered for. Satis. guid. Boswell's Stores, Grove Green Rd., London, E.11.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Safe and Certain Physician's Remedy for Headache, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. In Powder or Tablet form. Does not affect the heart. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

PSORIASIS-ECZEMA ended while you sleep. Satisfaction guaranteed. FREE BOOKLET.—RIDALEX, LTD., J., Lytham Road, Blackpool.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure by Removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

SIMPKIN'S GLUCOSE CONFECTIONS are specially made to ENERGISE AND REVITALISE both weak and strong. Those with medicaments are beneficial medicinally. From nearly all Chemists (only).

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc., send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.21), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

NEWS to rupture sufferers. A remarkable discovery which holds and heals without operation, delay or danger. Approved by 3,200 doctors. If you want to become sound and strong again, don't overlook the Brooks Appliance ten days' free trial offer announced on page 33. Full information is contained in a free illustrated book, which will be sent without cost or obligation on your part, if you fill in the coupon on page 33.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL Endowment Policies Purchased outright. — The Secretary, PIONEER SALES, 18, Christchurch Road, WINCHESTER.

A 48-p. book is offered free by Chas. Atlas on p. 31. If you want to learn how you can get fit and strong by physical culture, fill in the coupon.

THE Pearl "Pension Scheme" offers an excellent method of securing a guaranteed income for life. Full partics. will be sent, without obligation, to readers who fill in coupon on p. 18.

A FREE trial supply of Steradent, which cleans and purifies dentures, is offered to readers who send 1½d. in stamps to Steradent, Ltd. (Dept. 74V), 10, Chitty St., London, W.1. See p. 31.

THE best rubber heels that money can buy bear the name "Phillips." See that you get the genuine. If not, take advantage of the unique offer appearing in the advt. on p. 39.

A FREE 7-day trial tube of CORO-SHAVE, the new brushless method of shaving, is offered to readers who simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Crown Perfumery Co., Ltd. (Dept. 113), 32, King's Road, London, N.W.1. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing. See p. 36.

MAKE this health-giving drink yourself at home! Every reader who fills in the coupon in the Masons Beer advert. on page 37 will receive sufficient Masons Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make one gal. of Masons Botanic Beer. Be sure to enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

THE coupon in the Preservene advertisement on page 25 is worth money to you! 14 wrappers from bars of Preservene Soap, and the coupon, will entitle you to a beautiful free gift—either a white hemstitched pillow-case, or a fancy coloured bath towel, or a fancy coloured apron. Start collecting to-day, and state which gift you would like, giving your name and address, to Preservene, Ltd., Dept. B.6, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

ACCEPT this free offer. To introduce the new size packet of Birds Custard sufficient for four half-pints, a special packet will be sent free to all readers who simply write to Birds Custard (Dept. F.Q.27), Thames House, Millbank, London. Write at once for your sample package.

100 SOLID Silver Cider TANKARDS free. Here's a chance to test your skill in a free, simple competition. Simply fill in what you consider are the best words to complete the Bulmer advt. on p. 29. Write your suggestion on a postcard and send to H. P. Bulmer and Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.6), Hereford. For the best replies 100 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. Entries must be sent in by June 25.

A FREE gift for your kiddies. There's lots of fun waiting for your children with the ingenious Quaker model Glider which you can get absolutely FREE just by sending in the coupons cut from the side of two packets of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice (or one of each). These delicious cereal foods are ready to serve straight from the packet. So if you want to give your kiddies a double treat, accept this generous offer now! Use the coupon on p. 30.

THE KING THIS WEEK . . . . . by John Drinkwater

Many Happy Returns!

ON Tuesday next at noon a royal salute of forty-two guns will be fired in Hyde Park. It will proclaim the King's forty-second birthday. In some respects it will always remain the most memorable of his life. In his personal habit it will emphasise, as perhaps no other event since his accession has done, the world of difference between being Prince of Wales and King.

For the Prince, as for most people of adult years, a birthday was no more than a matter of casual observance. A few official formalities that hardly called for his attention, family greetings, and a quiet day at Fort Belvedere, or on one of his favourite golf courses, that was about the sum of it.

For the King, on the other hand, the contrast on Tuesday next will be complete. His birthday will be strenuously spent at Buckingham Palace dealing with the circumstances of an event noted the world over.

★ ★ ★

I SAY the world over, as it will be, but this is first an occasion for the King's own subjects.

Since, by the Constitution, the King can do no wrong, it may, for all I know, be a solecism for his people to thank him for doing well. But, to put such niceties aside, I know that the King, bearing his immense new burden of responsibility, will rejoice in his confidence that the congratulations of his Empire are mingled with grateful admiration for a man who has so magnificently begun an infinitely exacting job.

In five months His Majesty has formed active contact with practically every interest in his Empire, he has brought a new flexibility to the exercise of the Crown, and he has given the lead to a dozen national enterprises.

Skill, energy and character have already marked his reign, and it is in the devoted hope that with these he may be given long years in which to establish his own tradition that his people with a united heart wish him Many Happy Returns of the Day.

★ ★ ★

EARLY in the morning, while most of his subjects are still abed, the King will be at the Palace attending to the messages that will already be arriving in a steady stream.

He has given instructions that each of these is to be submitted to his personal notice, and in a great many instances replies will be made at his own dictation.

Selected members of the Royal Post Office staff have been warned to stand by for duty throughout Monday night to cope with a congestion that itself would make a busy day for any man. And the King on his birthday would have an extremely busy day without it.

Later, but still early in the morning, the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers will wait on the King at the Palace to take greetings from Governments in the five continents.

That ceremony over, the King will prepare for the most spectacular event of the day, the Trooping the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade. For this it is his intention to wear the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards.

★ ★ ★

INCIDENTALLY, I often think that changing clothes must sometimes become almost a nightmare to a King, and especially to a King so little in love with formality as ours. When he does get a day off, slacks and a pullover must be not the least of its delights.

But, as I have noted before, he wears a uniform uncommonly well, and when for the first time they Troop the Colour before him as King he will with ease be the most impressive figure in what is, I suppose, the finest display of military discipline in the world.

After the King has taken the salute at the march past the Palace Gates, it is his intention to appear on the Balcony that has witnessed so many historic scenes in the life of his family.

The Royal Dukes, his brothers, will then be with him, and not improbably the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. Whereby hangs a tale.

These young ladies were uncertain as to whether they were to be allowed to see the parade. The elder sister decided that the matter ought to be dealt with in person, and was cordially confirmed in her opinion by the younger. She thereupon approached "Uncle David," as he still is to his heir-presumptive. She pointed out that she had always been to her Grandfather's Trooping, and that she thought it was a very good idea. The King agreed that it certainly was.

And so the two small Princesses will be at their usual window overlooking the parade ground, accompanied by their mother and possibly by the Queen, who, however, will not make her own plans until the last moment.

★ ★ ★

THE first Birthday Parade of the new reign will then be over, the pageant will fade into history, and the King, presumably changing his clothes yet again, will get a breather at a family luncheon party in the Palace.

Here His Majesty will receive his presents, though he has let it be known among his own people that he wishes no great fuss to be made about this. Two of his royal relations, however, again have views of their own on the matter. The young Princesses always arranged "surprises" for their Grandfather's birthday, and King George, who formed a mutual adoration society with his little granddaughters, conspired readily in the scheme.

And so the new King is under willing pledge to ask no questions concerning two parcels until he unwraps them at the luncheon table on Tuesday.

It will be a gracious gathering, with a King of grace at its head. Not a week goes by but brings new witness of his right to that title.

Deciding that his latest levee should, for reasons of convenience, be held in Buckingham Palace instead of at St. James's, he realised that the change would involve disappointment to thousands of people who had been looking forward to the State drive. And so the drive, no longer a necessity, was undertaken nevertheless at the King's wish as a courtesy.

And when he was down west a few days before, the King was told that a hundred and sixty men of the local British Legion were out of work. His answer was: "Something must be done about that." And when the King speaks like that he means it.

THE congratulations of his Empire are mingled with grateful admiration for a man who has magnificently begun an infinitely exacting job

★ ★ ★

IN the afternoon, having been at it more or less since daybreak, it would be supposed that the King might indulge in early closing for his birthday. But not a bit of it. He will go back to the official business of every day.

If this can be cleared up in time, and if the echoes of public congratulation have died away, he may get down in one of his phantom cars—the King's cars do really seem the most silent on the road—for a quiet evening with friends at Fort Belvedere.

In any case, there will be no formal dinner party. And to his rest that night the King will take with him the thought of an Empire's deep devotion.

★ ★ ★

LONG ago the poets, and they were at least as good poets then as now, used to celebrate the sovereign's birthday in verse. It was an honourable habit, and it is a pity that in these later times the Muse has lost it.

A really first-rate anthology of English occasional pieces in this kind would make good reading. In any case, I should like to add my mite to a fine tradition:

Now first as King your festival
Of June you keep, and we, your men,
Who wish you well, know well we call
On fortune for ourselves again.

For in your Empire not a mind
But knows that fortune, blessing you,
Is to his own occasion kind,
And speaks his benediction, too.

Then, Sir, your people ask alone
That many happy Junes may bring
Their faith and homage to a throne,
To keep your birthday as a King.

Once she suffered from 'Tired skin'..

now she's bound for ROMANCE

IT'S BEEN A GRAND WEEK-END. I'M DISAPPOINTED IN THE LITTLE WILLIAMS GIRL. THOUGH.'
'YES I HOPED SHE'D BE BETTER LOOKING.'
GWEN DEAR WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? THEY THOUGHT ME A WASHOUT.'
IT'S YOUR COMPLEXION JOAN — YOU'VE GOT TIRED SKIN' SINCE YOU'VE WORKED IN TOWN.'
'WHAT CAN I DO? WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN ON OUR HOLIDAY CRUISE.'
'START USING KNIGHT'S CASTILE-AND I'LL PROMISE YOU THEY'LL CHANGE THEIR MINDS.'
'WHY-IT'S JOAN! - I - SAY- HERE - LET'S TAKE A TURN ROUND THE DECK.'

There can be no real attraction in a girl whose life in town air and stuffy offices has given her the dull, uninteresting complexion which comes from 'tired skin.' The only sure foundation of a lovely complexion is a *healthy skin*—and for that you need Knight's Castile. It is specially made for the face, and its creamy, refreshing lather has the same stimulating effect on the skin as pure country air. Buy a tablet to-day; it costs only fourpence and it's a complete beauty treatment in itself.

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

KC 172-364-62 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1857

On top of the world

That's how it feels to have a pension guaranteed by the PEARL!

YOU CAN DO AS YOU LIKE AND GO WHERE YOU LIKE (within reason and the Law of course) when a

PENSION ASSURANCE

makes the means and the leisure available.

Through this scheme you can secure:—

- A pension from a fixed age
- Guaranteed bonuses in addition
- Option of a large cash payment instead of the pension
- A substantial cash sum payable to your dependents *immediately* in the event of your death before reaching the pension age.

ENQUIRY FORM

To PEARL ASSURANCE Co., Ltd., High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain a pension of £.....

My age next birthday will be.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

28. J.B. 20-6-36.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

Reduce *YOUR* High

BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. TAKE OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it NOW. (Prescription No. 1193/T) Price: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B.20), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Descriptive Book (J.B. 20) Post Free.

TERRIBLE ORDEAL UNDER TRANSFERRED WORKERS' SCHEME

Disgraceful Lodgings for GIRLS

ONCE again we find it necessary in the public interest to refer to a lamentable example of hardship and suffering occasioned through lack of proper care in transferring a young girl from a depressed area to work in a more prosperous district.

We are well aware that every effort is made by the Ministry of Labour to safeguard juveniles dealt with under this scheme; but it is only right that publicity should be given to any scandalous evasion of the Ministry's intentions. For publicity is the means by which blunders and abuses will be prevented.

For obvious reasons we withhold the name and address of the unfortunate girl who figures in this story. But every statement made by her has been checked and tested for accuracy. We will refer to her hereafter as "A. B."

Good record

She is the pretty, well-educated seventeen-year-old daughter of an unemployed Monmouthshire miner. The little home, to which she has now returned after a nightmare experience, is spotless in its cleanliness. All the children in that family have been most carefully brought up. The character of the father and mother is beyond reproach.

"A. B." is a clever, well-mannered girl. From the local elementary school she secured a scholarship in open competition to a Monmouth County secondary school. On the completion of her education she passed the school-leaving examination with distinction in French. In every way she was a credit to the school, to herself and her parents.

With her living to earn and no opportunities at all in her own town, "A. B." was accepted under the Ministry of Labour transference scheme.

Work was secured for her in a large North London factory. Here, while she was being trained in tie-making, she received 15s. a week in wages, with an addition of 10s. a week from the Ministry, which the girl had to draw from the Hackney Employment Exchange.

Conditions at the factory were admirable. The manager was most considerate and every possible care was taken of the girls transferred from different parts of South Wales and the North-East Coast.

But a very different state of affairs existed at the "approved lodgings," an old, dilapidated house not far from the factory.

Here ten of the "Ministry" girls were living. Six occupied one bedroom and four another. Most of them slept two in a bed. Altogether there were twenty-one persons in that house, including male lodgers.

There was no bathroom and only one lavatory. Hot water had to be heated on a gas stove and was difficult to secure.

When one small bowl of hot water was forthcoming two girls were required to use it. Consequently they could not keep themselves decently clean. Vermin spread among them.

Truly it must have been horrible for any sensitive girl in that lodging-house.

We feel sure that Mr. Arthur Jenkins, M.P. for Pontypool, where the girl's home is situated, will do his best to have her case thoroughly investigated by the Minister of Labour

For there was no privacy. They were really herded together.

They had to take their meals in relays, for there was no space for all to be seated at the common table. Frequently, therefore, they were late on returning to the factory after meals.

To take the second service at the midday dinner meant the alternative of having to spend money on a bus fare to the factory or a snatched, insufficient meal.

No person in authority ever visited the house to ascertain how the girls were living, although several complaints were lodged.

Poor young "A. B" was so horrified at her bodily condition that she was driven frantic.

Freely she confessed that at one stage she thought of going to a railway and throwing herself under a train to end the terror of it all.

Her general health suffered and her nerves were in shreds. Finally she returned home, after enduring this purgatory for more than four months.

Immediately she had to receive medical attention. To remedy the vermin her head had to be shaved. The doctor, who knew "A. B." before she left for London, expressed amazement and indignation at her state when she came back.

Every stitch of the girl's clothing had to be burned.

It seems incredible that she should have suffered so in a lodging to which girls were recommended by the Ministry of Labour, which lays down the following stringent rules:

"Juveniles—Memorandum No. 3. To all Divisional Controllers; Exchange Managers; Juvenile Advisory Committees (in appropriate cases).

"After-Care of Transferred Juveniles.

"Once a boy or girl has agreed to be transferred from the depressed areas every effort is made to encourage the young worker to settle down happily in the new district To this end suitable lodgings are found and an agreement made with the landlady.

"Finding Lodgings for Juveniles.

"You will inspect the lodgings you select. Wherever possible the terms should include board, lodging and laundry.

"When you inspect the lodgings you should make sure that the juvenile either has a separate room or, if sharing a room, a separate bed. Normally, there should not be more than two juveniles in one room. In the case of a girl, you should ensure that male lodgers are not accommodated in the house."

It is quite obvious that these wise and humane provisions have been flagrantly ignored in the case we have cited.

Admissions

All the main allegations are accepted by the landlady. She admits putting the girls six in a room; admits the plague of vermin—although she declares that this was due to the girls themselves; admits also that there was no bath in the house; that there were male lodgers; admits that each of the ten girls paid 18s. a week for her board and lodging —£9 a week in all; and that a promise had been made to her that as many as twenty girls might be sent to her.

Now this is the case of just one "approved lodging" for Ministry of Labour transferred juveniles. Whether this one case is detached and isolated or not, it obviously calls for immediate enquiry by the Ministry of Labour.

Fishy *Film* Catch

IF you are a shopkeeper, and your premises are in a busy street, take warning from this story.

A well-dressed, well-spoken individual, who uses so many different names that we hardly know which one to give him here, has set out on a pretty little scheme to provide small shopkeepers with both money and entertainment if they will "enrol" with him.

Using the name of Faulkner—obviously only one of the many he has borrowed—he visited a shopkeeper in a South London street the other day and mentioned that he was the "Contents Bill Inspector" for a famous film-renting organisation which owns kinemas throughout the country.

"You have a splendid chance of displaying one of my company's special posters," he said, "and I can get you a good price if you will agree to show one regularly each week."

Apparently the posters to which he referred contained advertising matter concerning films shortly to be shown in the district, and the shopkeeper agreed to do what he was asked.

Faulkner then stated that he would be prepared to pay a certain rate for the privilege of having the advertising matter displayed in the way suggested, and added that he would also see that the shopkeeper received, each week, two good complimentary tickets for a local "show."

In return the shopkeeper was expected to buy a special poster frame.

The shopkeeper fell for it, and his money was handed over. That was the last that was seen by this particular victim of the snappy Mr. Faulkner.

He has the consolation of knowing that he is only one of a small army of shopkeepers in London and elsewhere who have been deceived by this crook.

QUEER 'Good Will' SOCIETY

A WIDESPREAD appeal is being made throughout the country by an organisation, which, born in America, is now attempting to establish itself in Great Britain.

The "New Group of World Servers" has, in fact, established itself with headquarters in a large house, pleasantly situated in its own grounds, at Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells.

In a circular letter addressed to "Dear Friends," which is being issued in thousands, and jointly signed by Alice Ann Bailey and Foster Bailey, there is an urgent appeal for funds.

The "New Group of World Servers," it is stated, presents a clear and definite programme "of support of the constructive efforts of men and women of good will everywhere. Such mutual strengthening is of vital importance and of special usefulness at the present time."

Blandly, the organisers of the new movement state that there "is no fund available for this work."

The precise nature of this work is not too clear from the mass of literature sent out by the "New Group of World Servers," but amidst all the wordy vagueness of Alice Ann Bailey and Foster Bailey there emerges a definite appeal to the pockets of the public.

"If each one who receives this pamphlet and is interested would contribute a few shillings," write the Baileys, "we shall in that way secure the necessary money for the immediate needs of printing, postage and clerical help."

It will be noted that first there is an appeal for a fund which is to support the constructive efforts of men and women of good will everywhere, followed by an appeal for contributions for printing, postage, etc.

So anyone sending money is left in doubt whether his money is going to the vaguely mentioned "Fund" or to pay for printing, etc.

Altogether we are not impressed with the literature of the "New Group of World Servers," and the wordy talk of banding together men and women of good will, which we seem to have heard before.

It must be obvious that such men and women are already banded together in a hundred and one organisations which are already in existence.

We do not suggest that these visitors from America are not inspired with the highest motives, but when we turn to the "Functions of the New Group of World Servers" as described in a special booklet by Alice Ann Bailey, we find them as vague as a mist before sunrise.

Listen! "A positive harmlessness will be inculcated which no way negates intelligent activity. . .

"No word must be spoken or written which could be construed as evidencing partisanship, or as an attack upon any ruler, any form of government, or any national activity."

What this actually means is beyond us, but for twelve closely printed pages Alice Ann Bailey continues to spin a web of words about the functions of the "New Group of World Servers."

Having made every effort to study this literature we confess that the "positive harmlessness" of the "New World Servers" and their method of making it felt in this cold, hard world leaves us in a state of complete mystification.

While we have no doubt that this organisation may have proved successful in obtaining money from men and women of good will in America, that success has little chance of being repeated here.

It is notorious that our brothers across the Atlantic love a new 'ism, or a new panacea for humanity's ills; we on our side of the water are a little more conservative in our tastes.

The Baileys of Tunbridge Wells will undoubtedly find that their appeal for contributions will fall on stony ground.

Certainly a "positive harmlessness" can be inculcated quite nicely by a hundred-and-one organisations already in existence, and this without making contributions to the "New Group of World Servers."

THE BIGGEST REASON WHY WE'RE ALL

CLEAN-SHAVEN TO-DAY!

Palmolive Shaving Cream was responsible for more smooth shaves this morning than any other shaving preparation! No wonder: with its five special points, providing for every known variety of beard toughness, skin tenderness, and time shortness, it's *helping* shavers everywhere!

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

6D. AND A 1/- A TUBE

Beach days..

how you will wish you were SLIM

Wishing won't give you a fashionably slim figure—but Beechams Pills will. Their action is kindly, gentle and beneficent — quite unlike the drastic methods usually practised. They attack and remove the causes of unhealthy fat — faulty digestion and internal sluggishness. Your general health improves, your complexion clears, you get new energy, vivacity and attractiveness. Start to-day

Purely Vegetable, Sold Everywhere

BEECHAMS PILLS

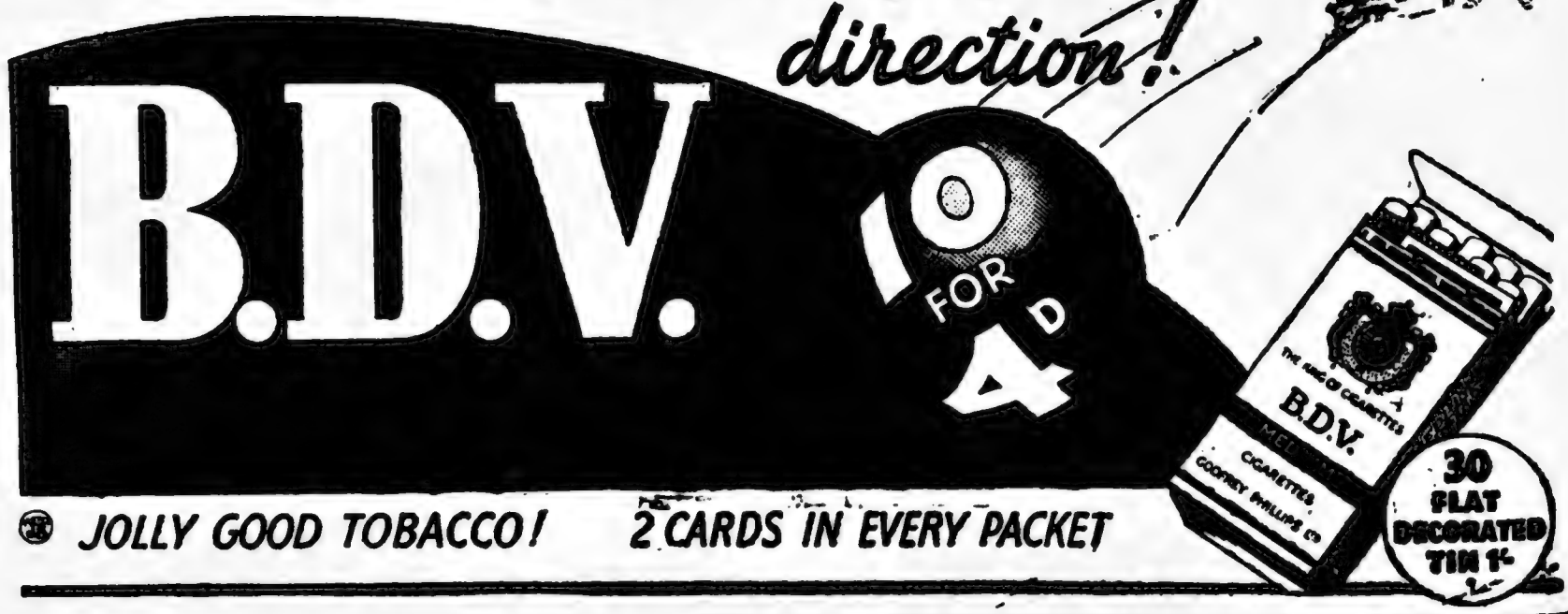
BRAND

Worth a Guinea a Box

TO WOMEN WHO WISH TO SLIM

Scoring in every direction!

B.D.V.



JOLLY GOOD TOBACCO! *2 CARDS IN EVERY PACKET*

The "Gables," acquired as headquarters by Gill (inset) and from which he fled when his game of bluff was ended

The Popular Plunderer..

He SPOOFED *a Whole* TOWN

PLAUSIBLE adventurers of one kind or another frequently feature on this page, but few we have dealt with have left such a trail of woe behind them as a scholastic individual known as "Jack" Brodie Withers Gill.

Gill came recently into the limelight in the picturesque market town of Woodbridge, Suffolk, as the "resident principal" of what he chose to call a "private coaching establishment," the avowed purpose of which was to assist parents with backward children and to provide special educational facilities.

The "establishment" was widely advertised in county and educational journals and newspapers, and an attractive brochure was circulated extolling its various advantages.

So ambitious

The facilities he offered ranged from full board and tuition at from twenty guineas a term to evening classes by special arrangement. Vacancies at his school were said to be available for boys whose parents were overseas.

All this was most ambitious and inspiring, but Gill has proved a ruthless adventurer whose scholastic career in Woodbridge has been terminated suddenly by his complete disappearance!

During his sojourn in Suffolk he managed to spread his clutching tentacles from the respectable boarding-house at which he stayed, to the households of practically every resident in the locality.

Gill's rapid ascent to a position of some standing and importance in Woodbridge was through the medium of his ambitious scheme for a "college" for the sons of the well-to-do.

He posed as a champion of education, with particular regard for the welfare of delicate and backward boys. It was his seeming interest in this laudable project that won for him such wide esteem.

He interested himself in the local Scouts and in the sporting activities of the younger generation generally. He became "president" of the "Wednesday" football team, and was a leading figure in the affairs of a Badminton club.

The gift of a magnificent challenge cup to the Badminton club made Gill a hero for a moment, and added to the halo of respect he surely and steadily sought.

When he first arrived he stayed in lodgings on the outskirts of the town and there met a woman who had returned from Australia with sufficient money to support her in reasonable comfort in the evening of her days.

As she was a former matron, with long experience in the management of children in boarding schools, Gill very soon impressed her with his ideas.

It is a significant fact that following his meeting with the retired matron from Australia Gill's financial position seemed to improve. So much so that he secured a large touring car, and made enquiry with a view to insuring his life for £2,000.

Then, in touch with the Scoutmaster, he dwelt on the fact that his father had been a resident in the neighbourhood many years ago, and was thus successful in raising a substantial loan, to "tide him over a difficult period."

Gill's generous offer of a bell-tent for the troop of Scouts gained for him the affectionate regard of many of the lads, who naturally told their parents of this new benefactor in their midst.

The tidings of "Mr. Gill" and his bounteous generosity soon spread throughout the neighbourhood. His keen interest in sport and all branches of physical training gained for him a certain popularity.

To the parents of one lad who got to know him, he pretended to be in an influential position with a shipping company in Liverpool, and able to secure a seagoing post for their son.

The lad was anxious to take up a career in the merchant service, and Gill promptly arranged to escort him to Liverpool for an interview. The parents insisted upon going, too; but their journey was fruitless, as Gill's story was found to be a cruel piece of bluff.

In the meantime, he had made the acquaintanceship of a lady social worker at a sale of work in the local parish church. This lady was induced to advance him money towards the founding of a permanent "coaching establishment," and it was not long before Gill had arranged to buy a house, then derelict and neglected, in one of the main thoroughfares in Woodbridge.

The house was inspected and plans were formed for day and evening classes to be held. One master resident in the town gave up a post in order to become the senior on Gill's select staff. Another young Woodbridge man was also engaged.

The retired matron from Australia was persuaded to resume an active life for duty in Gill's school.

Gill went to builders, painters and decorators for estimates, and discussed his project with various people whom he met in a local hotel, where he quickly ran up a bill.

He then went to a furnishing house and ordered £350 worth of specially made furniture.

Farther afield, in Ipswich, he secured other furniture, rugs, and linoleum. He induced a foremost county magazine to advertise his venture, and even undertook to coach a young police constable for his examinations.

Everyone duped

The villa Gill secured for use as a school, paying a deposit with borrowed money, had a somewhat queer reputation, excellent dwelling though it was. It was formerly the home of a wealthy but eccentric lady, who harboured birds and animals in every room.

The house was in a shocking state, and the women Gill employed to scrub and clean it from top to bottom laboured like slaves to get it ready by the opening date.

He imposed upon an expert gardener to attend to the grounds and induced a platoon of young lads to help him.

Arriving from the playing fields one day with a small army of the juveniles who inevitably gathered about him, he stood them a generous tea at a café, instructing that the amount due should be debited to him.

Gill then visited Ipswich again and ordered a gramophone and records, at the same time securing a supply of his newly printed brochures.

But his financial position was by this time becoming acute once more, and many people were pressing for loans they had made. A story Gill had told about moneys he was to receive under the will of a titled lady proved to be without foundation.

His tailor and a photographer began to press for payment, but they pressed in vain, and one after another various traders were forced to take county court proceedings.

Immediately his credit was stopped, Gill's lavish expenditure ceased. When there was nobody left in Woodbridge from whom he could borrow, he was no longer generous. Yet he ordered tons and half-tons of coal to be delivered to residents in the town, leaving the coal merchant unpaid.

In a last effort to sustain his waning star, Gill offered special terms to parents who paid for tuition for their children in advance. The "college," with two masters, a matron, a cook and a cleaner, somehow carried on.

Twelve pupils gathered in the classrooms at "The Gables," with their French exercise books, their Virgil, Homer, Shakespeare and other classics, the last pathetic victims of Gill's colossal bluff.

Gill's "private coaching establishment" was open for exactly three weeks. At the end of that time he took a bed to the school and slept on the premises. The cook, the matron and the other masters went home as usual. It was the week-end.

But Sunday dawned and Gill had disappeared. He left his landlady without paying his rent. A loan made him by a retired Army officer, the best-known resident in the town, to enable him to pay his rates, was not refunded. Nor did Gill pay his rates!

Not a penny was forthcoming to pay the salaries of the masters he had engaged.

The matron from Australia, her slender savings gone, was forced to seek alternative employment.

Despicable

The Scoutmaster who advanced Gill money is just one of many creditors, which include a garage proprietor, who supplied him with a car. Gill had scarcely vanished when a bill came from a firm of silversmiths in Ipswich for the challenge cup he had so magnanimously "presented" to the Badminton club!

He has left a trail of dupes, at least one for every week of the year he was resident in Woodbridge. Even a farm labourer's wife, who took up a job as cook to the school, and a woman who scrubbed and cleaned the classrooms, have been left unpaid.

Our enquiries reveal that on absconding from Woodbridge Gill slept one night in Chelmsford, then came on to London, from whence he wrote the lady philanthropist who had interested herself in his project, asking her for a further loan to enable him to return and face his many victims.

Believing his tale of repentance, she complied with his request. Far from returning, Gill used the money to put a still greater distance between himself and his dupes, and was next heard of in a village near Brighton.

Such barefaced duplicity stamps him as a rascal of a most despicable type.

Just Time for Birthday Gift

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* * *

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How Comin CHAM

NOTHING can "kill" a promising young boxer more swiftly than a series of gruelling bouts in quick succession against bigger, stronger, and older men

I WAS walking the other day past the big building in Covent Garden where the National Sporting Club used to be housed—a place of memories for me, since I have fought some of my best fights there—when a subdued cry of "Hullo, Dave!" attracted my attention to a figure standing in the gutter.

What I saw was a man with shabby, threadbare suit and burst boots, a young-old man with tired, disillusioned eyes and pale, drawn face, who was carrying his twenty-five years as if they were fifty.

I was looking on a piece of human wreckage. I was also looking on a man who entered on a ring career seven years before with every prospect of climbing to the top of the ladder, if not winning a championship.

My mind went back to the days when, not yet eighteen years of age, he was dazzling everybody who watched him box—if they knew anything about the game; to trainers who forecast a great future for him; to newspaper items that predicted much the same thing.

I offered him my hand—a good test, this, of the speed of a man's reactions. His hand came forward limply and slowly to meet mine. So his old speed, the lightning response that we used to marvel at, had gone!

I spoke to him. It seemed to take him painful seconds to appreciate what I was saying, and more painful seconds to frame the words necessary to reply.

And then I knew. He was "punch drunk." He might just as well have been blind as far as earning a living in the ring was concerned.

Just an isolated tragedy of the ring, you might think: the sort of thing that must happen now and again in a sport which demands that man shall hit man as hard and often as possible. But don't you believe it.

In America, as I hope I shall prove to you in the course of this article, that lad would have been nursed through the novice days of his boxing to become a credit to the sporting prestige of that nation. I knew him in his raw days, and I say that under the more humane and understanding American method of bringing out a boxer he might well have got to the top of the tree.

Here in Britain, how very different. Less than a day after his twenty-first birthday he was enticed by a smooth-tongued manager into signing a document the full import of which he did not understand—"just to enable me to find you a few profitable fights, you know."

Gruelling bouts

He found himself the property of a syndicate anxious to get every possible penny out of him in the shortest possible time." He was flung into two, three, five encounters a month—preliminary bouts in small boxing halls, where the gruelling was hardest and the pay least.

Oh, yes, they found him some bigger fights. Against men with a ready command of sparring partners, with good gyms and trainers at the back of them, well fed, and with plenty of time in which to bring themselves to the pink of condition . . . the sort of men he could have trounced if worked upwards into their class gradually.

But he, poor lad, was just one of a hundred men run by one manager, and one of the lesser lights at that. Two days' skimpy training was as much as he could expect.

And so the punches showered on his experience and little trained frame as fast as the hands of that syndicate reached out for rake-offs on his earnings. His wits, his eyes, the telephonic communication between hands and brain were slowed down more and more under the stress of it.

If Carnera can be knocked punch-drunk, partially paralysed and cross-eyed at the age of twenty-eight—in this tragic condition, it is announced, he is quitting the ring for ever—just think what can happen to a mismanaged and hopelessly overworked lad like him.

Tannings for him became more and more frequent—fights of a lower order, and therefore more gruelling. And at twenty-two he was finished, one of the tragedies of a boxing system under which, all too often, human material is second to managerial percentages and promoters' profits.

Oh, no, this is no isolated tragedy of the ring. Move among boxers, if you can, and see for yourself.

The worst I know is the tragedy of another game little fellow who, quitting the ring a human wreck at the age of twenty-five, as so many of our boxers have to do, keeps himself in training for the world championship competition he thinks is coming his way.

He is not mad. He isn't even simple. He just keeps talking about the fight that will never mature—as an ordinary "drunk" will persist in some strange obsession.

Another lad I know was talked of as a coming heavyweight champion at nineteen, and was finished with the sport at twenty-one. In two years he had changed from a quick-eyed, quick-witted fellow into a man resembling the popular conception of a village idiot.

Varied forms

Punch drunkenness, indeed, has just as many varied forms as ordinary alcoholic drunkenness.

One man it will make cowed and timorous, almost too afraid to speak, another quarrelsome and bellicose.

Some I know have become creatures of strange fears. Many of them cry like children at any and every opportunity, for no real reason whatsoever. Others dare no more face the dark than a badly brought up baby of five years old.

For the most part they show such outward signs as walking on the back of their heels, or with a queer shambling gait, or looking at you dully with lack-lustre eyes.

Sometimes, where their larynxes have been affected by the shocks to which their bodies have been submitted, they speak in a low, growling way.

A lot of them get persecution manias. Yes, del Fontaine, who murdered his sweetheart in a fit of jealousy, was a victim of punch drunkenness, all right. Why, the way he more and more drew himself away from human contact, as if everybody was seeking to do him an injury, was the talk of boxing circles long before the wild obsession seized him that led him on to murder.

Pathetic cases, too, are the boxers who are known to their colleagues as "iron men." They are the men whom no blow seems to hurt, who stand like a wall of rock under the most terrific punishment it is possible to offer.

Punching has made them impervious to pain. Even the nerves that transmit the shock of a blow to the brain do not function properly, and so they never get the merciful oblivion of being knocked out—which is without doubt a mercy when a man is being beaten into physical deterioration without either knowing it or showing it.

I have fought an "iron man." I know the type well. They are not good boxers, whatever they were before undue beating took toll of them. They are too slow-moving and slow-thinking to do an opponent much harm.

Derelicts

They are just able to keep on hanging on until the final gong.

And when boxing has finished with them they are derelicts, unable to rally the initiative or enterprise to wrest a single shilling from life, and doomed to end their days in a workhouse or a mental hospital.

I say that nine out of ten of these poor devils—the vast majority of all forms of punch drunks—are not victims of boxing at all. To say that they are is to suggest that boxing as a pursuit is necessarily brutal, which it is not—no more so, anyhow, than county cricket, with fast bowlers slamming the balls down.

No, they are victims of people who should be hounded out of the sport, who are only in it to exploit good young boxing material quickly, cast it on one side when it has become so much wreckage, pick up more youngsters, discard them when they have been fully exploited, and so keep on with this terrible and inhuman cycle.

After all, what is this punch drunkenness? It is not the normal stress and strain of a ring career. Look at Sharkey, Tunney, Dempsey, Kid Lewis, Carpentier, if you think that it is. Meet Bombardier Wells, long past his ring days, yet a magnificent specimen of a man both physically and mentally.

More often than not it is the mark of the man who has not been treated properly, usually the man who has

Big Boxing *with the* Lid Off—3

ng MPIONS *are Ruined*

BY DAVE FORBES

Scotland's Undefeated Light-Heavyweight Champion

PUNCH-DRUNK, partially paralysed, cross-eyed, at the age of twenty-eight —Carnera, another "glad to get out of the rotten game." Yet he might still have been the greatest figure in the game, says Dave Forbes, shown above training with Carnera when the Italian was in England

been used as a pawn in the quick-money game.

Heavyweights do not suffer from it as often as lightweights, because it comes not so much from the weight of blows as the frequency of them. Lightweights can hammer each other unmercifully without producing a knockout, and it is that sort of fighting that takes dreadful toll of the human frame.

It is, if you like, a product of the big glove—the innovation that is supposed to have made fighting more merciful. That big glove enables a man to stand up to fifty times more blows than he could endure from the bare fist, but the blows are landing just the same.

That being so, a system that allows young fledglings not yet trained to protect themselves from punishment properly, or even to take it properly when it lands, to be flung into the ring as often as matches can be made for them because somebody wants up to 25 per cent. of what they earn, is obviously responsible for the thousands of human tragedies associated with boxing.

Yes, I say thousands. In my own experience I have met hundreds of boxers, even to-day not much older than myself, whose plights have become tragic.

"One day I am going to have £100 to give to my mother," said one fine lad who owed his boxing career to the sacrifices made by his widowed mother. He, poor lad, anxious to take fights as often as possible to help that mother a bit, was easy game for the exploiters.

He was finished within two years, his fine promise as a boxer melted away. He'll never be able to earn a hundred pence in any old way.

I see them at street corners, wet-footed, hungry—in scores, mind you. One hears of them dying in hospital, victims not of ordinary everyday ailments, but illnesses due to the privations they have endured. Hundreds of them just disappear, anxious only to hide themselves away from the friends who used to think they would do big things in the ring one day, friends they imagine will laugh or sneer at them.

Some drift home to live on their parents, without a trade or a knowledge of anything that will enable them to earn their keep. They must live on mothers who starved themselves to give them the food on which they built up their ring careers. Victims of the exploiters, almost to a man!

More honest

Then, quite apart from exploitation, boxing itself is such a hard taskmaster.

I remember when my vision became dim. I went to see Professor Wright Thompson, an eyesight specialist. It seemed to me that unless I had the greatest care I would go blind.

Yet I had to go on fighting. There are no light duties for the sick in the boxing game.

They look after the human material of boxing so much better in the United States. Believe me, American boxing is not in the ascendant because it is getting better material than we. It is just because they are wiser, more businesslike and more honest in the handling of it.

I say more honest deliberately. There may be many crooked things in American boxing, fake fights may be staged more often than here and for baser motives, but it is the public only that is fooled there, and here it is both the public and the boxer.

To begin with, see how an American syndicate works. I don't think the best of ours can compare with them.

If a young lad shows promise they will pay him a salary of as much as £3 a week just to do as he is told. They train him as if they are sure that he is going to be a champion. They try him out with specially selected opponents, so that he won't get, at an age when he is unfitted to take it, a licking that might destroy his spirit.

Carnera's 'if' . .

They find some three-round or four-round encounters for him. He mustn't be overworked at this stage. The whole building-up process is as scientific as it can be devised.

Carnera, the man mountain, would have been fighting still as the greatest figure in the game if he had been in American hands in his early days. I have boxed with him, know him well—and I am certain about it.

Yes, the American boy with boxing promise gets examined and re-examined until he gets sick and tired of the sight of a doctor. One sign of even the smallest liability to punch drunkenness, and he is told another occupation would suit him better.

They actually call it "babying" a man. The word itself shows to what lengths they will go to bring him out properly. I have even known them to have him psycho-analysed and then to remove little difficulties from his life so that he will have the peace of mind that is necessary for big boxing.

They get him try-outs against big men, not so that he can be banged about as so many of our youngsters are when they are forced to take sparring partner engagements.

I have known them to choose as his opponents, in light bouts in which he is unlikely to suffer serious hurt or discouragement, men from whom he can get the experience that will get him over his particular deficiencies.

Yes, as far as my experience goes, in two visits to the States, they are anxious to help every promising boy they can, and to stop any efforts to exploit him.

It may be that they are after the bigger money that will come later, when the lad in question is fighting among the "star" performers, well equipped to last many years in the biggest of big boxing. But at least a boxer with the proper natural aptitude for success is sure of getting it.

Money the evil

Think that over, and you will realise that the answer to the question, "What's wrong with British boxing?" is not "Why, the boxer." As a recruit he is far better, on the average, than the stuff I saw coming forward in America.

The sad point about it is that he doesn't remain so for long.

I can say of my boxing experience in America that it earned me a college education, a course of University lectures, nine-tenths of the boxing knowledge I possess and far more money than ever I got in five times as much fighting in this country.

I saw crookedness in plenty, of course, but it was never at the expense of the man who, after all, either brings the money through the turnstiles or will do one day.

No, behind the comparative failure of British boxing is money. Too high a reward for the promoter and the manager—too little for the boxer. Too many people who know practically nothing about boxing and are only in the game to exploit. Too little care in keeping out mushroom managers and promoters who crop up for a time and then disappear—with whatever cash they can rake out of the men who do the fighting.

It is with the money side, as it affects the boxer, that I shall deal next week. Some of the figures should surprise you.

Next Week:

Big Purse Bunk

FALSE TEETH

are made MORE COMFORTABLE and really clean by using

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JOHN BULL Readers' Stories

"The fatal ring again! A man was standing on my dressing table, and in a second he had opened the window and jumped out"

HOODOO RING

MY life has been ruined by an opal ring. A three-stone opal engagement ring, lovely to look at, yet terrible in its effects on human destiny, is the 'curse" which has pursued me implacably, relentlessly, for over twenty years. It has taken from me everything I held most dear.

The secret of the ring's power? "Coincidence" is the explanation I usually hear. But this doesn't satisfy me. I am not superstitious; I only know that most people who have owned this ring have been pursued by a relentless fate.

Here is the story; I leave it for others to judge.

A jeweller's shop in Paris, during the fateful years which preceded the French Revolution, is the first scene in the history of the ring. It, together with other jewellery, is displayed in the showcase under the counter. One of the customers in the shop is a young nobleman who has come to purchase an engagement ring for his fiancée, lady-in-waiting to Queen Marie Antoinette.

The young man looks first at this ring, then at that . . . suddenly his attention is caught by a beautiful three-stone opal ring, set in gold.

"I will have that one," he says.

The scene changes. In a room in the Palace of Versailles terrified women are cowering against the walls. Outside the mob is yelling for vengeance on its age-long oppressors. The ladies shrink further from the shuttered windows as the ominous cry is heard: "To the Guillotine! Down with the aristocrats! *Mort aux aristos!*" On the slender finger of one of the beautiful, fragile women is a three-stone opal ring. . . .

That was how the ring's first-known owner met a violent death. She was guillotined before her lover's eyes. He followed her to the scaffold.

But the ring? While awaiting execution, the prisoner had sewn it into the hem of her dress. Her clothes and, unknown to him, the ring were "claimed" by the warder. From that day death and misfortune pursued him. His fiancée, his mother and his father died within a few months of each other. His marriage, two years later, was childless and marred by extreme poverty.

Many years afterwards he took the old faded dress of the dead aristocrat out of its box. He would sell it and realise a few louis. As he shook the dress the rotted seams parted, and the ring rolled on to the floor. Overjoyed with his discovery, the ex-warder took the ring to a jeweller, explained his discovery. The jeweller paid him, and put the ring in his showcase, for the next victim. . . .

Such was its history as narrated when in the early part of last century my great-great-uncle, then a young man, visited a jeweller's shop in the Rue de Rivoli to buy an engagement ring for his fiancée. She, a lovely girl, was the daughter of a retired Colonel living at Cheltenham. And that was how the terrible ring came into my family, bringing death and destruction in its train.

For, laughing at all superstition, my great-great-uncle chose this historic ring for his fiancée.

"Do not give this ring as a *bague de fiancailles* — engagement ring — sir," pleaded the jeweller, who had his own pet superstition. As a present for a friend, *oui*. As an engagement ring—never!"

But the young Englishman thought it was all very amusing and was not going to be influenced by a lot of silly talk. When he returned to England a week later the ring reposed in a neat little box in his baggage. The very next day he presented it to his fiancée.

And within three months the first blow had fallen on the new owners of the ring. The girl's mother died. Her father was a truculent old man. He forbade the marriage—until his death. "I need someone to look after me," he said.

The young man saw that his romance was finished. The old father might easily live for another twenty years. The ring, which had adorned his fiancée's slender finger for only a few weeks, was given back to him. Heartbroken, he decided that he would try to forget his sorrow in travel. Before he left on a trip to Egypt he gave the ring to his sister, my great-great-aunt.

A year after he had left England he died suddenly, victim of an attack of tropical fever.

His sister, over a thousand miles away, was taken seriously ill. Hardly had she recovered when a far more staggering blow befell her. This was the death of her future husband. He was drowned while swimming at sea. The shock almost killed her.

She never married. Her life had been completely wrecked by the loss of the only man she had ever loved.

The ring remained in her possession until just before her death. Then, feeling that the end was near, she called me—her favourite niece—and told me the whole story of the ring which had brought such misfortune to our family.

I was a young girl of eighteen then, just married to a man I adored. "I want you to take this ring," my aunt said at the finish of her story. "It has ruined my life. It has indeed an evil history. But its power is only over those who are not yet married. You, happily wed, it cannot harm—of that I am sure."

Poor, dear old lady! She had pathetic belief in my powers of eternal happiness. From the moment that I placed the ring of ill-omen on my finger my fate was sealed.

When I look back on those early years I am amazed how simple, how happy everything seemed then. I was terribly proud of the ring, and only once or twice did I think about its history, which I regarded as fiction.

My husband, too, laughed at the tale. "We are so happy," he said. "What can possibly harm us?"

But some months later I began to notice a change in my husband's

(*Continued on page 26*)

Autocracy

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SANDEMAN

SHERRY

'dog was just a lump of lassitude'

Mr. Crussell had his hands full with his St. Bernard, Nancy. The first touch of summer heat always upset Nancy and left her limp and listless. Then Mr. Crussell decided to treat her with Bob Martin's. Nancy improved amazingly, and says Mr. Crussell, "It's a marvel how a little Bob Martin's could cure such a big dog so quickly."

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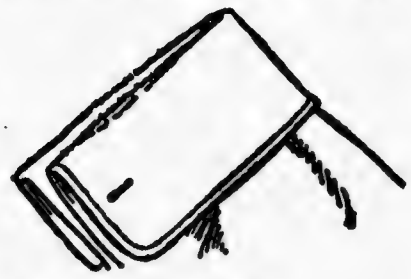
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

why waste money rubbing clothes clean?



Far more than wear and tear—it's rubbing and scrubbing that wears out clothes—that makes sheets wear thin, collars and cuffs fray, keeps you busy darning tablecloths and napkins. But you need never rub with Preservene ready and able to cleanse and whiten clothes with a simple 20 minutes' boil. It's the glycerine in Preservene that does it. It makes the dirt simply slide out, without friction and bother.

And it's so kind to your hands! You need never touch the clothes except for rinsing. Preservene is just marvellous for coloured things and keeps woollies miraculously soft and fleecy. Try one bar, 5½d.—and you'll need no further persuasion.

PRESERVENE

MAKES GOOD THINGS LAST LONGER

It's the Glycerine that does it!

Save 15 wrappers

OR

FOURTEEN WRAPPERS AND THIS COUPON

In return you may select either a white hemstitched pillowcase (size 19 in. by 29 in.) or a fancy coloured bath towel (size 22 in. by 44 in.) or a fancy coloured apron from a wide range of colourings. Please post your 15 wrappers (or 14 and this coupon), stating which gift you would like and giving your name and address to Preservene Ltd., Dept. B.6, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Now only 5½D a bar

Hoodoo Ring—*continued from page 24*

manner to me. He became sullen, indifferent. Terrified, I dared not ask him the reason. . . .

I had not long to wait for the explanation. One night my husband told me the bitter truth. There was another woman. . . . An older, more experienced woman, well-schooled in the art of stealing men from their young wives. The ring's first blow had fallen.

A few months later my husband left me. Soon after he had gone I realised that I was going to bear him a child. But not even this knowledge would influence him now. . . . He had gone for ever, infatuated by the "other woman."

My son was born. For five short years he was the pride and joy of my existence. Then he died suddenly, the victim of a disease which most children can overcome in a week. This fresh shock brought me within a few inches of the grave. I was still young, yet the tragedy of my child made my hair, once a lovely auburn, turn almost completely grey. I aged by ten years in as many months. When I recovered my health, it was as a tired old woman that I faced life again.

Why did I not get rid of the ring? I suppose some obstinate streak in my character made me defiant of superstition. I would fight the power of the ring to my last dying breath. . . .

I was soon to see that the struggle was going to be no easy one. I took a house near London—a good, solid, oak and brick house of last century. Before I had been in occupation for many months a ground subsidence revealed the existence of an old well under the house.

Walls sank, great cracks appeared in the masonry. One of the main water supply pipes burst, flooding the ground floor. As the last workman left after shoring up the walls, I wondered what the next blow would be. . . .

In the Middle Ages they said the three great scourges of mankind were flood, fire and pestilence. "Flood" I had already experienced in a minor way. In the following year I was to suffer a fire which destroyed two rooms of the house and a good deal of valuable furniture. The fusing of an electric wire was responsible.

Resigned now to my fate, I waited patiently for the next blow. This time, fortunately, my house was spared. I was on holiday in Greece. Motoring along a road which a hundred cars traversed safely every day, I suddenly heard the rattle of shots. Two bullets, neatly aimed, had pierced my petrol tank. Half-a-dozen others had penetrated the tyres.

Within a hundred yards I had to bring the car to a standstill. In a second I was surrounded by a crowd of villainous-looking ruffians. They robbed me of every single thing, including the ring on my finger. But it was only my wedding ring! The other lay safely at home in my jewel case. . . .

I had to walk ten miles for assistance. My holiday was ruined, and I had to sell my car to get home.

A year later I had a far more ghastly and terrifying experience. I was involved in a railway smash in France. My express ran into the rear of an excursion train while travelling at over sixty miles an hour.

It was midnight. Alone in my compartment, I was lying half asleep, lulled by the rhythm of the wheels on the line. Suddenly, without warning, there was a terrific crash and a violent jolt threw me to the floor.

The carriage swayed and rocked from side to side, glass splintered all around. Above the smash of breaking wood and the noise of escaping steam I could hear the agonised screams of injured people. For a moment, as we came to rest with the carriage almost upside down, there was silence. Then came a shout of "Fire!"

I struggled to my feet, tried to wrench the door open. It had jammed tight. There was another cry of "Fire!" After struggling with the door for some seconds, I realised that the glass pane had been smashed. I could crawl through.

The scene outside was a terrible one. Carriages were smashed to matchwood. Trunks, boxes, bits of the train were strewn about the line. I could see men and women lying underneath the wreckage, pinned by a leg or an arm, like trapped birds. They were crying piteously. Men with crowbars were endeavouring to lever them a passage, but in many cases it was too late when they succeeded. . . .

And then I realised how near I had been to death. For the entire carriage in which I had been lying was crushed, telescoped into a solid mass. Only *my* compartment had managed to withstand the strain of being crushed between two walls of steel.

I wondered why I, of all people, should have been spared. Surely, here had been a wonderful opportunity for the curse of the ring to fulfil itself. Or . . . was its power waning at last?

The last scene of all in this strange story is set on a hot summer evening two years ago.

I had been to the theatre, but had left during the performance, as I did not feel very well.

When I came out of the theatre the air was heavy with thunder. The storm broke just as I got home. Torrential rain swept against the sides of the house. I ran upstairs to my room, opened the door—a man was standing by my dressing table.

The room was in confusion, drawers were ripped open, clothes strewn about. In the intruder's hand was my little metal jewel case.

I screamed, and the man turned and ran to the window. In a second he had lifted the sash and had jumped out; the drop was only a few feet on to soft earth.

As I reached the window the heavens spoke. A terrific crash shook the house. I saw a running figure suddenly transfixed by a vicious tongue of white flame. . . .

We found his body on the lawn, burnt beyond recognition. The jewel case and its contents—among them the ring of evil omen—were fused into a solid mass. . . .

Was this just one more coincidence in an amazing chain of dramatic events? I cannot tell; but I know that I have no qualms about the future now that ancient ring has been destroyed.

I have discussed this story with many friends, but no one has been able to advance any theory that is at all satisfying. So I have simply narrated the plain facts and must leave readers to draw their own conclusions.

ALONE ON A GHOST SHIP *is the theme of next week's reader's story told by a young girl stowaway*

Greatest of These

Tragic Family

Dorothy

FIVE - YEAR - OLD Dorothy fell and hurt her hip a year ago, and has been strapped on a hospital bed ever since.

The history of her family is one of unrelieved tragedy. Her father, who served all through the war, died last March from tuberculosis. When he was ill in bed six of the children, their ages ranging from eighteen to three, were away in various hospitals, where they still are. Dorothy's mother was nearly out of her mind with a sick husband to nurse and these children to be visited.

It now costs her about 10s. a month to visit Dorothy and Edith, which is a big slice out of her pension of 30s. a week.

A boy, aged sixteen, who has lately found work, adds some 14s. a week to her income. Her eldest daughter is unable to work on account of her complaint.

Dorothy's mother bears a good character, and we shall be glad to receive donations earmarked "Dorothy" for her help. These and subscriptions for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

30 Tumblers for 8½d.
EIFFEL TOWER LEMON BARLEY
Messina Lemons Finest Barley

Don't worry! This dish is *always* ready

When a prompt decision is necessary, when the meal must be tasty and attractive, and, of course, sustaining and satisfying, then you can't do better than to serve Libby's Cooked Corned Beef.

Libby's
COOKED CORNED BEEF
THE NAME Libby's IS YOUR GUARANTEE

L25-664

WHAT GIFT WOULD YOU LIKE?

—Pillowcase, Apron, or Fancy Bath Towel?

EVERY woman welcomes new household linen. A choice of a number of useful articles is yours if you save your wrappers from bars of Preservene Soap. Fourteen wrappers and the special Coupon appearing in the Preservene announcement on page 25 will entitle you to one of these beautiful gifts free! This coupon is worth money to you, as without it 15 wrappers must be sent to qualify for your gift. Turn to p. 25 now and cut out the coupon for your future use!

I love Birds!

TRY

THIS NEW IDEA

FREE

Birds feel that this new notion of making Birds Custard in half-pints, without measuring, will prove so useful to you, that they want to present you with one of these new packets containing four half-pints, free. Send your address to Birds, Custard Dept. F.Q27, Thames House, Millbank, London, S.W.1

NOW PACKED IN HALF-PINTS AS WELL

Birds Custard makes stewed fruit, tarts, or puddings a real delight. For nearly a hundred years people have known that. But you can't always spare the milk to make a whole pint. Now listen—at your grocer's is a new green-and-white packet of Birds Custard with four separate half-pints in it. So now you can turn a half-pint of milk into Birds—without any measuring. The new packet costs 2½*d*. Get it as well as your usual size.

BIRDS CUSTARD

It's the flavour that makes it the favourite!

A BROAD HINT

It's the kiddies who will do the coaxing once you introduce them to Kellogg's Rice Krispies. How they smile at the merry snap, crackle and pop of the delicious, toasted rice bubbles when cold milk or cream is poured on! And how quickly their spoons get busy!

Don't worry about the way they gobble them up—Rice Krispies are as easily digested as they are wholly nourishing. Welcome at any time of the day—breakfast, lunch or for a wholesome between-meal snack.

No cooking needed. Always oven-fresh in the sealed WAXTITE bag inside the packet. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

7½d Per Packet

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THE BEST ALL-PURPOSE MOTOR CYCLE TYRE EVER MADE

The newest tyre made by Dunlop is always the world's greatest

Tour always on the

DUNLOP

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THE GREAT ALL-PURPOSE MOTOR CYCLE TYRE

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. *Branches throughout the World.*

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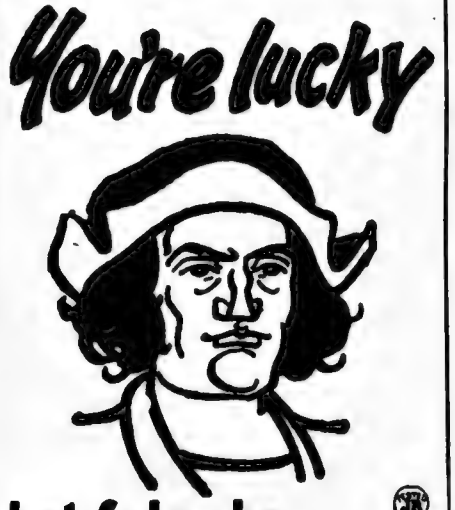

You're lucky
but Columbus . . . .
no wonder the Indians saw red and started collecting scalps when they saw that hair. If only Columbus had discovered Field's Solid Brilliantine before discovering America! But perhaps he didn't deserve such a boon. After all you know, he's primarily responsible for ballyhoo and baloney; for words like "wise guy", "scram", and "phoney"—and Uncle Tom's Cabin and all! Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine gives you hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much—but why should you?
FIELD'S Solid
BRILLIANTINE
IN THE FAMOUS Lavender SERIES
Try Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Shaving Cream. Also Toilet Soap, Liquid Brilliantine, Hair Cream, Dental Cream, Bath Cubes. Talcum Powder. Obtainable everywhere.
3D 6D
PER TIN PER TUBE

Free Clothing Ramp Exposed by Sir Wyndham Childs

WICKED Children's FUND

There are so many excellent organisations for children—here is one—that we can well do without the efforts of Mr. Richard Bird

MARK this name; enter it somewhere for future reference: The Poor Children's Free Clothing League.

For this is a comparatively new organisation which is at the present time conducting a fund-collecting campaign throughout the country.

Its agents are ranging south coast towns, and spreading through the Midlands into the industrial cities of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

As my attention has been called to the activities of this so-called "League" from many different towns, I have had an investigation pursued into its formation, its constitution, and the relief work it is supposed to carry on for poor children.

As a result I can state most emphatically that the Poor Children's Free Clothing League cannot be recommended for any public support.

The "head office and distributing centre for all counties" of the League is at 1, Queen Anne Building, Baldwin Street, Bristol, in the heart of the business quarter of that city.

On the literature of the League, it is claimed that there are "official representatives in each county, England and Wales."

Two dropped out

The founder and general secretary is a man in early middle life, by the name of Richard Bird. Really Bird *is* the League. His previous experience of charity administration was obtained with the Destitute and Homeless Help Society; scarcely a good credential. Frequent warnings against this undesirable society have been published in JOHN BULL.

The League boasts a voluntary committee of three and a treasurer. The names of the members of the committee, I learn, carry no significance at all in social service and charitable circles in Bristol.

He secured the members of his original committee by advertising in the local Press.

Since they were appointed by Bird two members of the voluntary committee have dropped out. The committee at the time of my enquiry consisted of one unemployed woman shorthand typist. The treasurer has never supervised any duties of that office.

Because of his difficulty in obtaining committee assistance Bird is now proposing to pay a small weekly fee to his "voluntary committee."

Funds for the League are obtained by the employment of collectors, who are paid on a 50 per cent. commission basis.

These collectors, working with boxes, bearing the name of the League, are sent to various towns with instructions to tout for contributions particularly in shops, banks and offices.

When at the end of a day a box is opened half the money therein is passed to the collector, plus what has been expended in travelling and other expenses, and the balance is transferred by registered post, or in person to Bird.

There is a specific order to all collectors that they are in no circumstances "allowed to collect on public highways or in theatre queues, but only by means of door-to-door canvassing."

Of course, Richard Bird knows full well that without such a precaution he might render his collectors open to police prosecution. He steers his course carefully within the law.

Recently Bird has been energetically establishing collectors in the North of England.

At Leeds, where he advertised collecting jobs, he interviewed applicants at a small private hotel. On the table in the room were three collecting-boxes, marked respectively "Leeds," "Bradford," and "Halifax."

Applicants were invited to feel the weight of these heavily laden boxes, presumably as a kind of indication of what they might be expected to take by assiduous endeavour. Bird declared that he personally had collected all the money in the boxes displayed.

From Leeds, after he had engaged collectors, Bird moved to Manchester.

Some idea of the fruitful results of this box-collecting can be obtained from the following figures, relating to the work of two Leeds collectors.

Miss G. ——, who had two boxes, returned with £3 4s. 9d. Her expenses were 1s. 9d., and she was paid that amount and £1 11s. 6d. from the box.

Miss S —— returned with £1 3s. 9d. in her boxes. She was paid 10s. 6d. with 2s. 9d. expenses. The balance was posted on to Bird at Bristol by the local agent.

A suggestion was made by the agent that it would be far better if the proceeds of collections were paid into a bank to the credit of the League. Bird, however, insisted that the money must be sent direct to him by registered post.

Collectors receive new sealed boxes from the League each week.

Open to criticism

Here is an example of a letter written by Bird to a collector:—

"You will receive instructions each Friday morning, also boxes for the coming week. At the end of each day's collection you are to send us a letter stating the weight of the box.

"You are requested to do the shops, banks and offices only in the following towns:—

"Tuesday, York; Wednesday, Oldham; Thursday, Huddersfield; Friday, Barnsley.

"Please pay in boxes to Mr. ——— Friday evenings, 8 to 9 o'clock."

That is the system of Richard Bird, general secretary of the Poor Children's Free Clothing League.

Such an organisation is open to scathing criticism. There appear to be no safeguards whatever against possible dishonesty.

When my representative called at the "head office and distributing centre for all counties" of the League at Bristol, he found that the place consisted of two very small glass-partitioned rooms.

An office boy was on duty in the outer room and two young men were playing with a typewriter in the inner room, which was labelled "secretary." There was no sign of any clothing store; no indication of any "distribution."

One man show

Richard Bird was away on one of his organising missions. The treasurer had never, according to the information, been seen.

Without doubt Bird has given some relief to necessitous children, and some parcels of clothing have been issued. Letters of thanks—which Bird naturally treasures—have been received.

But, from the evidence before me, it is plain that The Poor Children's Free Clothing League is not wanted. The work it sets out to do is already adequately covered by approved, reputable institutions.

WEAK and WATERY EYES!
At the first sign of soreness, irritation, watering of the eyes or crusts on the eyelids when waking, take immediate action or serious complications may result. A touch of Singleton's applied at night will definitely soothe away irritation and heal and strengthen the eyes. EYE STRAIN, COLD, STYES, ULCERS, WEAK AND WATERY EYES, etc., yield at once to this unfailing remedy.
THE BEST BY TEST FOR OVER 200 YEARS.
SINGLETON'S
EYE OINTMENT
From all chemists or direct at 2/9 per pot.
FREE BOOK. To Stephen Green Ltd., 210, Lambeth Road,—London, S.E.1. Please send booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight."
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
(J.B.) .....

232 FLANNELS

There are no other flannel trousers quite like "232's" for downright hard wear—all day and every day. In the garden, at the office, on the sports ground, even under the car—wherever you are you'll know that the exclusive weave incorporated in the famous "232" cloth will laugh at the strain you put it to—yet your "232's" will keep their shape and "hang" and always look smart.

To go with your "232's"—a sportscoat as good—the

SANDOM SPORTSCOAT

Grand new patterns—same faultless tailoring

21/- 25/-

13/9

LIGHTWEIGHT

16/6

COOK THE 'REGULO' WAY—*Fill in and Post this Coupon for Special* FREE RECIPE BOOK

The makers of the New World Gas Cookers offer every housewife and cook a free copy of the Radiation Cookery Book, which contains dozens of menus to choose from.

To Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. 824.)
164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Name

Address

COUPON FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

Radiation

Post under ½d. stamp

This free Recipe Book shows also particulars of how, with a Regulo, everything you cook—even a whole meal in the oven and grill at once—will be perfectly cooked. Simply fill in the coupon and post to Radiation, Ltd., Department B.J., 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE SIXTH Bulmer's MISSING WORDS CONTEST

100 SOLID SILVER TANKARDS FREE

COMPLETE THIS RHYME AND WIN A TANKARD

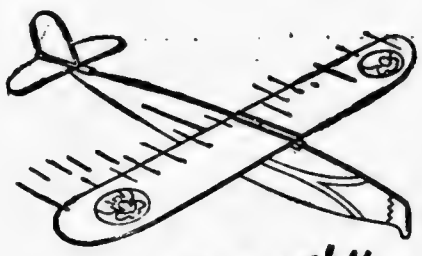
DRINK Apples to-day at home or away,
a habit so healthy and cool, Drink
Apples to-day, at work or at play, a
decidedly ——— rule. There is more
than you think in this —— golden drink
which Bulmer's are proud to purvey;
You'll get all the ——— which belongs
to good health, Drink Apples; drink
Bulmer's; to-day!

Write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete this advertisement. Add your own name and address and the name and address of your local cider supplier. Send to H.P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.6, Hereford, before June 25th, 1936. In the top left-hand corner of the stamped side write the word COMPETITION. *A solid silver Cider Tankard will be awarded to each of the 100 best entries in the opinion of Mr. Bulmer, whose decision is final. Results published in the "Daily Herald" on July 3rd, 1936.*

Bulmer's Cider

'DRY' or 'WOODPECKER' in full FIVE-GLASS FLAGONS **10½D.** Per Flagon (England & Wales only) **1/-** (in Scotland)

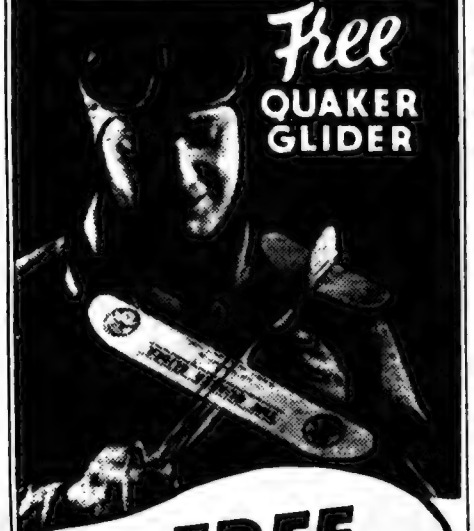
royds



"I spent a very pleasurable half hour testing it" says

C.W.A. SCOTT

THE FAMOUS AIRMAN

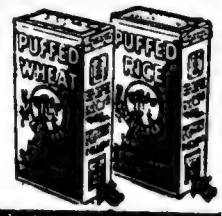


GET IT **FREE** FOR 2 COUPONS FROM PACKETS OF 'PUFFED' WHEAT OR 'PUFFED' RICE

The world-famous long-distance airman, who three times broke the record for a flight to Australia, and has flown from Mildenhall to Melbourne in under three days, made a thorough *personal test* of this Quaker Glider. He said afterwards "*it loops and glides splendidly . . . I gave it twenty flights . . . it glided up or down wind a considerable distance!*"

And now you can get this splendid model *free*—just by sending in two coupons from the sides of "Puffed" Rice and "Puffed" Wheat packets (or one from each).

You couldn't have more delicious breakfast foods than "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice. There's never been anything so crisp, so crunchy, so delightfully *different!* And they're good for you, too—*and* ready - to - eat straight from the packet.



SEND THIS FORM WITH PACKET COUPONS

To Dept. J.B.4. Quaker Oats Ltd.
11 Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2.

I enclose two coupons from "Puffed" Wheat *or* "Puffed" Rice or one from each. Please send me the Special Quaker Glider with full particulars on assembly and flying.

WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

Post in 1½d. stamped, sealed envelope.
(This offer applies in the U.K. only)

P.109A

Strictly Anonymous..

If you have some secret that you dare not reveal to your friends, but feel that you would like to unbosom yourself, JOHN BULL *here offers you the opportunity. Usual rates are paid for all published stories, which are "Strictly Anonymous."*

"One of my acts of deceit was to faint in a theatre vestibule . . . he suspected nothing"

I AM A Malingering Wife

CHEATS, they say, never prosper, and I know to my cost how true this is. I am not looking for pity; I know that I deserve none and that the predicament in which I now find myself is due entirely to my own folly.

But I do want to ease my conscience by confessing, if only on paper, to an act of deception that I know I shall regret to my dying day.

In the eyes of the little provincial community in which I now move. I am supposed to be eating my heart out because of enforced separation from my husband, who is a planter in the Far East.

It is true that I have my children with me—a grown-up daughter and three growing sons—but my husband's leaves are so few and far between that there can be no real family life for us.

This story properly begins twenty years ago, when, as a carefree young girl, on holiday at a famous Dorsetshire resort, I met a man who fulfilled all my ideals.

He seemed as much attracted to me as I was to him, for he sought my society throughout that holiday, which culminated in his asking me to become his wife. He was nearly ten years my senior and I was flattered by his attentions. I think, perhaps, I loved him in a way, but I was really more influenced by the thought that marriage to such a man would be a dashing, romantic affair.

Anyway, I accepted him without hesitation and we were married almost immediately. The idea of becoming a planter's wife thrilled me.

This glamour persisted during the outward voyage, for I had never been out of England in my life before. But my eyes were soon to be opened.

To begin with, the plantation on which my husband was employed was far from any centre that could by any stretch of the imagination be termed civilised.

For a short while the novelty of the life and surroundings helped, but soon, very soon, I became desperately lonely. There were perhaps a dozen other white women—wives of planters and officials in the vicinity—but they were all older than I was, and, without exception, I think, resigned to their lot.

THEY didn't exactly make me welcome, for I was not a social success. I was an atrocious bridge player, and their cocktails always made me feel sick. I hated their scandalmongering and gossip. For the same reasons my return efforts as a hostess were a dismal failure.

My husband was frankly displeased with me. He did not say so, but I know he felt I was letting him down. I made desperate efforts to "mix," but it was no use. I began to regret my marriage and to long for England and all my old friends.

Then came unexpected release in the arrival of my first child—a daughter. I suppose I had worried and fretted myself into a low state of health. At any rate, before my child was many months old the doctor, to my intense delight, advised that we be sent home for a spell to avoid the rigours of the Eastern climate.

I was so overjoyed at the prospect of getting home again that the discomforts of that long journey with a young baby did not trouble me as much as they might otherwise have done. And during that voyage I registered a secret determination to eke out that holiday as long as possible.

That was the beginning of my cheating! It was at first suggested that I should spend six months in England—a generous provision on my husband's part; but by dint of one excuse after another I contrived to remain for the best part of a year.

When I finally went out East again it was with a heavy heart. My husband had planned all kinds of surprises for my return.

I am ashamed to think how ungraciously I received these outward manifestations of his affection, and though I made some show of settling down dutifully I was still full of discontent.

There is no need for me to labour in detail the events of the next ten or twelve years, which were humdrum enough so far as plantation life was concerned, though relieved for me by the arrival of three sons.

You may think it strange, since my marriage had become a mockery, that I should have welcomed these additional family ties; but the truth is that they meant escape from the life I loathed, as I easily persuaded the doctor to send me home each time.

And on every occasion I played my former tricks and found every possible excuse for deferring my return to the plantation as long as I could.

I suppose it was the success that attended these efforts that inspired me to make my final bid for freedom of a more permanent kind. With my earlier children growing up and the necessity for their being put to school in England, I began to long more than ever to escape. So I started upon a deliberate campaign to attain my desire, feigning illness on every occasion that presented itself.

Once or twice I would come away early from dinner parties or bridge drives, pleading faintness or dizziness. Frequently I would spend a morning in bed, supposedly with a bad headache. Then I took to "fainting" and complaining of pains round the heart.

It was all pretence, but it moved my husband to such anxiety that he insisted upon calling in the doctor, which was exactly what I wanted.

I knew that doctor well by this time, and had never forgotten how he had urged my being sent back home when my first child was born. He was the only real friend I had out there, and I knew that I could depend upon him to help me.

I NOW told him that I had never felt well out there. That I was sure the climate did not agree with me. That I had suffered in silence for years without saying anything to my husband, but that I was unable to conceal the truth any longer. It went rather against the grain to deceive this man, for whom I had always entertained a great regard, but I could not help myself now.

My acting was far more successful than I had dared to hope. There was an earnest consultation between my husband and the doctor, which resulted in my being sent home "for a good long rest." That was eight years ago. I have never been back! Throughout these intervening years I have lived a sustained lie, writing dismal letters to my husband about my failing health. When he came home on his last brief leave I was terrified lest he should discover the truth; but I "fainted" in a theatre vestibule, and he suspected nothing.

Thus I still have my freedom. I am secure at home, in touch with my children and able to live a live of idle luxury at the expense of my exiled husband.

BUT I have not gained the happiness I expected. I suffer the most harrowing pangs of conscience, and, ironically enough, now that I have all for which I have schemed and lied, I do not want it.

I have an inner secret that troubles my thoughts sleeping or waking. I long to be back again—not because of my husband, but because of that friendly doctor, who helped me to escape from a life that I thought was unendurable!

For almost from the moment I sailed I realised that I loved him! But what could I do? Often I have thought of dropping my pretence of being an invalid and going back to rejoin my husband. But I have been afraid; if I were to do that I should still be a pretender, for it is the doctor whom I really love.

11 YEARS WITH DUODENAL ULCER

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder Worked Wonders

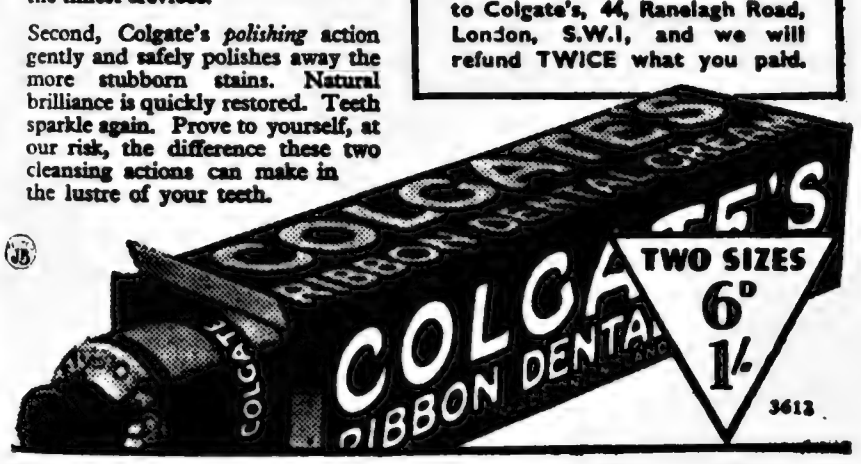
Every sufferer from stomach trouble knows that although his condition may not be very serious yet, it will soon get beyond his control if neglected. Apathy and neglect have landed many a stomach sufferer with gastric and duodenal ulcer which might never have developed if prompt but simple measures had been taken. One of the best and surest precautions is the regular use of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, which has brought back the joys of a good healthy digestion to thousands who used to suffer terribly. "I suffered with Duodenal Ulcer for the past 11 years," says Mr. F. A., of London, "but when I purchased a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder it worked wonders. I cannot thank you enough." Think of the new-found health that prompted that letter from a man who used to endure even worse than you may be suffering. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will "work wonders" for you. Get a bottle to-day—the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." Never sold loose—only in bottles in cartons (powder or tablets), 1/3, 2/-, 5/-. [Advt.]

FOR YOU TOO CLEANER BRIGHTER TEETH *or double your money back*

Colgate's is a double action tooth-paste. It completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on teeth by the things you eat, drink and smoke. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains, penetrating to the tiniest crevices.

Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn stains. Natural brilliance is quickly restored. Teeth sparkle again. Prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference these two cleansing actions can make in the lustre of your teeth.

Buy a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day. When it's all used up, if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner, brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, 44, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1, and we will refund TWICE what you paid.



You're bound to find something of interest or value in the "John Bull" Shop Window on pp. 2 & 3.

CLEAN FALSE TEETH

New Easy Way

No Brushing

Tested and Approved By over 8,000 Dentists

Just shake a little Steradent powder in a glass of water. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

Steradent cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, sticky film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. Steradent is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. "I wish everyone wearing dentures knew about it," writes Mr. J. L., a prominent dentist. "Steradent will do all and more than you claim," writes another leading practitioner. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. Sold by all chemists.

For TRIAL SUPPLY: Send 1½d. in stamps, to: Steradent, (Dpt.74.V.), 10 Chitty Street, London, W.1.

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Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

RIVIERA This lovely Summer Frock is produced in Art. Silk Crepe, beautifully printed in a tastefully coloured floral and poppy design. Cut on simple but graceful lines with Raglan shaped elbow sleeves, fitted with elastic, and a perfectly draped skirt in plain style. There is a broad belt of satin, which is machine-stitched & trimmed with three cherry motifs to match the bodice. Shades: Green, Brown and Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to W. Busts: 32in. to 36in. Lengths: 46 to 50ins. Price **26/11**

Terms: 4/- Monthly.

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Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Swagger Models, Coats Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return

J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

4/- Monthly

You're still suffering from last winter—

YOU NEED A TONIC!

REMEMBER those six months of damp, sunless, exhausting winter? Breathing foggy air. Catching one cold after another. Toiling to keep the house clean, in spite of the dust from coal fires.

You still haven't recovered from it all. Your blood and nerve-cells are starved and weakened. YOU NEED A TONIC.

Hall's Wine is the tonic specially prepared, from the prescription of a famous doctor, to restore your blood and nerve-cells. You can *feel* it pouring new strength into your veins within thirty seconds after taking. And the good result is *lasting*—your winter tiredness and depression disappear for good.

Hundreds of doctors recommend Hall's Wine to their patients, because they know that no other tonic has this double effect—both *quick* and *lasting*. Take Hall's Wine two or three times a day until your weakness is completely gone.

HALL'S WINE

DOES YOU GOOD IN THIRTY SECONDS

At Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle, 5/6.
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It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans

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To: HOOVER LIMITED, Dept. X. 5, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

Please send me without obligation your booklet giving full details of all Hoover Cleaners.

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Away with Spring cleaning SLAVERY!

Say good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. Let the Hoover free you from this backbreaking task. A thorough cleaning Hoover will enable you to spring clean your home easily and quickly.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE DETAILS

At the Tram STOP-

He **STOPPED** His

GASTRIC

SUFFERING

"Last Friday I was so ill with gastric trouble that in the forenoon I had to give up work. I could not really walk. I staggered. At the tram stop there is a chemist's shop, and there was a display carton of 'Rennies' on the counter, so I thought I may as well try a 6d. packet. Sitting on a doorstep waiting for a tram home, I began chewing these like sweets. A few minutes afterwards the tram came. Automatically I got off the doorstep and I was on the tram before I realised I didn't feel so bad as I did. I hopped off that tram quick, and decided to chance going back to work. The 6d. packet lasted me until I got my wages, but on Friday night, 5 o'clock, I went to the chemist's for a 1 9d. packet at a jog-trot!" J. J., Salford.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised, indigestion *simply cannot start.* And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food.* Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're wrapped in wax paper.

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family Size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet.

New Hair or "No Cost" OFFER

BY means of a wonderful discovery by a leading British Hair Specialist, everyone from the twenties to the eighties can secure a good head of natural coloured hair.

Doctors and Hair Specialists have been amazed at the marvellous cases in which people, bald for years, some of them even in the nineties, have grown new hair by the use of Renair Pomade, the unfailing success of which alone makes possible this unique "Hair or Money Back" Offer.

If your hair is weak, lacking in lustre, commencing to thin at temples or crown, or even if you have been quite bald for years, obtain from your Chemist or Hairdresser, Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, etc., a 3/- Carton of Mr. Frederick Godfrey's

RENAIR POMADE

use half of contents; if not satisfied, return remainder to Mr. Godfrey and your 3/- will be refunded.

LADIES and Men also will find in the companion non-greasy preparation, RENAIR ANTISEPTIC STIMULATING HAIR TONIC—also sold by Chemists and Hairdressers (at 1 9 per bottle) under similar guarantee of 'Satisfaction or Money Back'—a speedy, certain method whereby the hair is endowed with healthy, natural and colourful luxuriance.

If any difficulty in obtaining either preparation, write at once to F. Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.

PILES Relieved INSTANTLY

. . . . "*I was advised to try 'Nemolin' and I can truthfully say that I got instant relief and have never again had the least bit of the awful irritation I suffered before.*" *J. O., Burley-in-Wharfedale.*

Packed in handy and hygienic tube, 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

CORONATION COURT *Sits again..*

The King's Champion—most romantic job at the Coronation, is this time held by a plain "mister." Here is his ancestor Henry Dymoke, who held the same office at the Coronation of George IV

RAREST and strangest of English Courts, one which sits only after the death of a King, starts its work in a few days' time.

It is the Court of Claims, and, as its name implies, it is set up to consider the representations of those who claim the right to take part in the Coronation ceremonies. Most of the ancient families of England and Scotland will have a demand of some sort or another to make to the Court, rights to duties and services at the Coronation which are theirs through usage or inheritance.

They must re-establish these rights before every Coronation, but they do not do so merely for the honour and glory of being present at the great ceremony.

The claims they make may be to perform services of an outwardly menial character, such as to be the King's Poulterer, the Keeper of the Silver Scullery, or to be the Chief Butler and "to carve the first slice." These jobs will cease immediately the ceremonies are over.

The claims to render these various services are made because they are linked with, as the Proclamation says, "divers Tenures of sundry Manors, lands and other Hereditaments."

IN the far distant past the lands possessed by many of those who will be appearing before the Court of Claims in the next few weeks were given directly by the King. The menial jobs for which they ask express their closeness to the King's person and so maintain and strengthen the title of their holdings.

The process of claiming, however, is no mere formal gesture. It is not just a question of "applying as before" and leaving it at that. Often the claims are hotly contested by different branches of the same family or by other families who believe that they have a faint right to a certain duty. That is why the Commission which will sit in the Court of Claims includes such eminent jurists as Lord Hailsham, Lord Hewart and Sir John Simon.

This year, for instance, three peers—the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Stourton and Lord Denbigh—each basing his claim on different manors, are claiming the right to be Chief Butler. Two of them, Lords Stourton and Denbigh, will probably hire counsel to argue their cause before the Court.

There may be a dozen other battles like that fought at the last Coronation, when the Earl of Loudon, Lord Grey de Ruthyn and Lord Hastings contested the right to bear the Great Spurs. Only two peers may carry them, one bearing the left and the other the right. Eminent counsel argued pedigrees and manor rights for days. In the end Lord Hastings lost. But he may try again this year.

LORD GREY of Ruthyn figured also in an action just before the Coronation of Edward the Seventh. He put in a pedigree going back to the Norman conquest and claimed to be Steward of England. His claim was turned down.

The changing laws which have confused manorial rights on which many of the claims are based means plenty of work for the Court. It will sit solemnly in full robes, levee dress and decorations listening to interminable arguments about family trees and pondering over musty records during all the weeks until next May.

No premises have yet been announced for the Court. The Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, is still looking for a suitable place. It will probably be near the Government offices.

Change of hands in manor rights as well as changing law will make more work for the Court. Many a newcomer has acquired a lordship of the manor in the years since George V was crowned, and he may find to-day that his rights are linked with some queer archaic service to be performed at the present Coronation, and with the right and the duty to attend.

Changes in procedure next year will save many knotty problems for the Court of Claims and, perhaps, for the claimants.

For instance, the King, in the Proclamation, has announced that there is to be no banquet in Westminster Hall and no Procession. Therefore the trustees of a golf course at Addington, in Surrey, who now presumably hold the Manor rights, will not need to worry their brains about producing a Norman dish called "maupygernoun." Addington Manor, you see, was given by the Conqueror to his cook, Tezelin, and succeeding Lords of the Manor can claim to be present at all Coronation banquets in Westminster. But—no banquet, no "maupygernoun."

SIMILARLY, things will be easier for the Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, who holds the most romantic job at the Coronation—the King's Champion. To-day, the Lord is Mr. Francis Scaman Dymoke. A "Dymoke of Scrivelsby" has held the job for six centuries.

But the present holder is seventy-four years old. If there had been a Banquet and Procession next year he would have had to ride into Westminster Hall clad in full armour, fling down a mail glove before all present, and then, with vizor down and great sword held aloft, challenge all of the King's rivals to mortal combat.

A tough job for a man of seventy-four. But this difficult equestrian performance will not be necessary next May. All he will have to do will be to carry the Standard of England.

Dymoke of Scrivelsby's full title before the Court of Claims is the Hon. the King's Champion and Standard Bearer of England. It is interesting that one of the most noble services of all should be owned by a plain "mister"!

One certainly contested claim will be "to provide a glove for the King's right hand." At the last Coronation the Duke of Newcastle was allowed this claim because of his "tenure of the Manor of Worksop." But this time when he applies he will have to fight the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Shrewsbury and the Baroness Furnivall (peeress in her own right) for this right.

It will create an interesting situation if Lady Furnivall's claim is upheld by the Court. Up till now the parts played by those in attendance upon the King at Coronations have been reserved exclusively to the male.

Another peeress, however, is claiming the right to be Chief Herbstrewer—on the grounds that a remote ancestress carried out that function at a Coronation long ago. In those days all floors were covered deep in aromatic herbs to mask the smells of London.

One office not likely to be questioned by the Court is that of Lord Great Chamberlain. He is already appointed—the Marquess of Cholmondeley. His is the one Coronation job which is entitled to some direct profit. He can claim forty ells of velvet as well as the right to strip the King's bedroom of furniture.

Actually the only other benefit from a successful claim is a certain seat or place at the Coronation ceremony. The Proclamation spoken the other day tells the lucky claimants that they *must* appear on that day "in all respects furnished and appointed as to so great a solemnity appertaineth."

In a sense, then, it is to apportion seats at the Abbey ceremony that the Court of Claims will be so laboriously engaged upon during the next few months. Since the offices claimed are archaic, the Court, with all its sombre majesty, is little more than a glorified ticket-office.

But expensive and roundabout as such a process may seem, the lucky claimants may think it fully worth while. So, too, will the numerous genealogical experts, records clerks and barristers who will be engaged to plead and support the various claims, at handsome fees!

Make the cakes the kiddies love!

Cakes made at home are the best—more wholesome, more digestible. For best results, use plain flour and *vary* the amount of "raising" for different recipes. Make sure the "raising" is Borwick's Baking Powder. Good cooks use Borwicks

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER

RHEUMATISM
NEEDLESS SUFFERING.

"Urace brand tablets have been taken consistently by a person suffering from Arthritis and very beneficial results have been obtained when other treatment had failed to give relief."—Nurse ——, Goodmayes, Essex. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

Rupture Sufferers *made well, sound and strong again!*

Remarkable scientific discovery holds and heals without Operation, Delay or Danger.

Approved by 3,200 Doctors, 100 per cent. British made, it is safe, clean and comfortable and allows you to lead an active life without the slightest risk—far superior to anything before produced.

So Light, Small and Comfortable is the Brooks Rupture Appliance that it cannot be seen even when wearing the lightest garments. Many Dancers, etc., Sufferers from Rupture owing to the unusual exertion, have been relieved by it. The Brooks stands up to all kinds of exertion and strain—you can depend on it absolutely.

Strains of unusual positions mean nothing to rupture sufferers now, as Science has perfected a cure for rupture which even during the healing stage does not interfere with the body actions, hinders neither work nor pleasure, but helps you enormously with both.

Little Children Rupture Sufferers, whose hope of cure was slight until the Discovery of this Proved Scientific Treatment, need no longer be left hanging between cure and disability, but may now look forward to a Full Life, free from the handicap of a truss and without an upsetting and costly operation. Men, women and children alike can depend upon the Brooks to overcome their worries *permanently*.

No Need Any Longer to Let Rupture Handicap Your Life

Adopt this safe, sure way of banishing your worries for good—satisfaction absolutely guaranteed.

This simple, straightforward statement of facts to all sufferers from Rupture is written in the same plain way that has built up our reputation for almost 25 years, during which time we have helped over 744,000 sufferers. Rupture is a very common trouble—there is nothing strange or unusual about it. And it is nothing short of a tragedy that thousands of people are spoiling their lives, afraid to work or play as they should, enduring continuous discomfort and fears, simply because they neglect their trouble or wear an out-of-date truss which may do more harm than good. This is **absolutely unnecessary**, because the Brooks invention is the perfect answer to **everybody's** rupture problems—safe, certain, clean, recommended and prescribed by

Over 3,200 British Doctors

The Brooks Appliance holds rupture **scientifically.** It is amazingly comfortable and durable. There is no brutal pressure, and the Appliance itself is so small and light (weighs only a few ounces!) that it cannot be seen under the lightest clothing. You just don't realise it is there—yet from the moment you start wearing it you are absolutely safe and secure **whatever happens.** The appliance interferes with neither work nor pleasure, but helps with both—gives dependable protection against all strains without danger of failure or slipping. In addition—and this has been proved beyond all shadow of doubt—it actually

Assists Nature to Heal!

We can and do support this statement with the testimony of thousands who say that the Brooks has made them completely better—made them as strong, active and able-bodied as if they had never been ruptured!

Surely among all these notable successes, including men, women and children of all ages, there must be hundreds of cases **absolutely identical with yours. If they can secure these benefits from the Brooks, why shouldn't you do the same? There is no reason at all. You owe it to yourself to put it to the test. And, as you see, because we have absolute faith in the Brooks Appliance, because we know what it has done for others and will do for you, we make this matter of an actual trial the easiest thing in the world.**

National Health Insurance

Many people can obtain their Brooks free or partly free through National Health Insurance. Read how to go about it in the booklet—send coupon NOW.

Send to-day for full particulars of generous

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER

—absolutely without obligation

If you are ruptured, the coupon below is a Passport to new health, activity and happiness. It brings (in a plain, sealed envelope) an illustrated booklet which tells the whole wonderful story of the Brooks Appliance. How it is based on sound scientific principles making success a certainty. How it was invented by Mr. C. E. Brooks, to cure his own severe rupture when everything else had failed and how it has since done exactly the same for thousands upon thousands of sufferers.

Do as others have done—send for the booklet and find out how you may try this splendid invention FREE, entirely at our expense. Try out a specially made-to-your-measure Brooks in any way you can think of for nearly a fortnight. Then, if not absolutely satisfied, if it doesn't bear out **all** our claims to the very last letter, send it back—we ask no explanation. You alone are the judge.

Our reputation for honourable, straightforward dealing is so thoroughly established, our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair that you should not hesitate to take the first easy step—cut out and post the coupon to-day!

For FULL INFORMATION—free of obligation

***To the* BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, Ltd.,**
(520F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(520F), Hilton Chambers, Hilton St., Stevenson Sq., Manchester, 1.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book showing **NEW REDUCED PRICES** and full information about your Appliance for Rupture, also your **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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If you are State insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society.

.....

Please Cut Out and post TO-DAY

Middle-Aged Tired Feeling

is probably due to Acid Stomach

Nearly all men, and women too, at about the age of 40 begin to suffer more or less with acidity which gives rise to the varied symptoms of dyspepsia. Food causes flatulence and possibly pain. You lose tone and suffer from physical and mental weariness which shakes your self-confidence and makes you imagine that old age is overtaking you.

Your doctor would tell you to dismiss the thought and banish the trouble by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' to sweeten your sour stomach. He would also assure you that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and soothing to the stomach.

'Milk of Magnesia' restores the normal activity of the gastric juice so that the digestion of food proceeds easily, without disturbance.

The effect of 'Milk of Magnesia' in neutralizing acidity is marvellous. With good digestion regained, most of the "pep" you think you've lost will quickly return. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take a little after meals.

Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *brand* TABLETS *1/- per box, and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use.*

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

No More Grey Hair

If you are grey, you look much older than you should. Restore the natural youthful colour by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN

BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

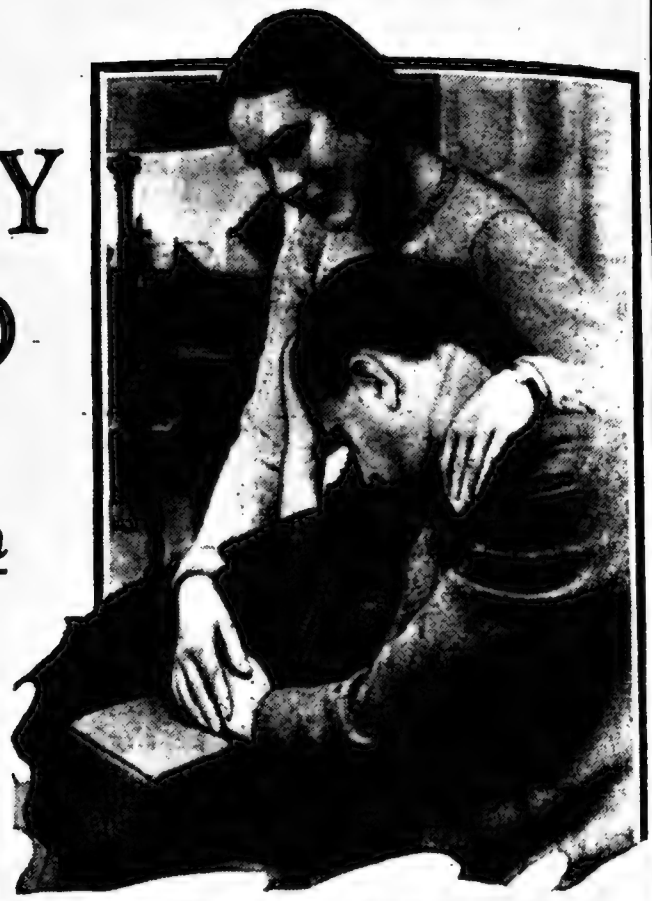
SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your Chemist for **Zam-Buk Suppositories.** 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

Six Times a RUNAWAY HUSBAND

Can a Woman Still Forgive?



"The blessed thing about women is that they forgive men" . . . but erring husbands should not be allowed to trade on that quality

VICTOR HUGO taught the world a great deal about life. "When you go to bed at night," he said, "have for your pillow these three things—love, hope, forgiveness. And you will awaken in the morning with a song in your heart." And yet, the man who wrote that also wrote this, "Men hate, are brutes, lie, deceive."

Hugo might have been reading three letters which have just reached me. They are all from women—disappointed, disillusioned women, to whom marriage has been a sad and sorry business. This is what the first writes:

When I met my husband I was a war widow with one child, a little boy, and he was a widower with a little girl. We married after a courtship of a few months, but I soon found out what a terrible mistake I had made. He had a violent temper and drank heavily. I discovered, too, that he was unfaithful. We parted about six times, but each time he pleaded for another chance and said he would be different.

Just before the final break he was drinking a lot and coming home very late. He was ruining my health and I was worried about my boy, for I didn't want him to suffer for my mistake. There was another woman at the bottom of the trouble, and when I made him clear out he went to this other woman and they made a home together. Of course, he took his little girl with him.

That was ten years ago and during this time he has not sent me a penny, and you will know that when I married I lost a good pension, which would have been sufficient to enable me to stay at home to look after my boy instead of going out to work.

NOW this woman has gone back to her husband. My husband is on his own and I suppose he is a much wiser man. Do you think I could forget the past and take him back?

"The blessed thing about women," said a learned judge, "is that they forgive men." And men, unfortunately, know that and trade upon it.

One thing she does not tell me. It is whether her husband has asked her to take him back. If he has not, she must wait until he does so.

But let us suppose that he has asked to be reinstated. In that event I think she must make sure that he is now "a much wiser man." Better a life of loneliness than one of wretchedness and misery. For there is always this danger, that he may again become dissatisfied with his lot and run off once more.

I suggest that there should be no question of reunion for, say, six months. If during that time he plays the game and his sorrow seems genuine, then a new attempt to find peace and happiness might be made. But if there is any suggestion of back-sliding during that period, I advise my correspondent to keep her home to herself.

Here is another man who thinks he can play ducks and drakes with his wife and his home:

I have been married twice (says the wife) and have three children by my first husband, one boy married, one unemployed, and one girl, whom I have to keep at home to look after the house for me, as my health is very poor. I have also three children by my second husband.

At different periods since my second marriage my husband has had bouts of drinking, when he has disappeared for weeks together, taking with him his wages and leaving us stranded. Recently he has not had regular employment, but has been drawing the "dole" and giving me what he thought fit. Now he has disappeared again for three months and all the help I have is from the parish.

When I summoned my husband some years ago his brother, who is in a substantial way of business, begged me to keep it out of court and promised he would help me. Last Christmas, although he knew we were in such straits, he did not give me as much as a loaf of bread.

I have nothing but sympathy for my correspondent. She has been abominably treated and I think her course of action is quite clear. Her husband has deserted her again and her brother-in-law has not kept his promise to help her. She should therefore take the matter to court and obtain an order for maintenance.

Before she does so, it might be advisable to give her husband's brother one final chance. I am not thinking about saving him publicity, but of saving her trouble and anxiety.

She should therefore either see or write to that brother-in-law and tell him frankly that as he has not kept his word she has no alternative but to take legal action. And the police court missionary would advise her as to the best way to do this.

It is bad enough for a wife to be separated from her husband. It must be intolerable when that husband goes to live with another woman in the same neighbourhood. That has happened in this case, as will be seen from the following letter:

I have been living apart from my husband for nearly three years, during which time he and the woman with whom he now lives have made my life and that of my son a nightmare. He bought a car to take this woman about and yet he did not pay regularly my maintenance allowance until arrears mounted up to a large sum. The court advised me to take out a warrant against him, but when the case was heard he said he could not pay and asked to be sent to prison.

Before this his family had sympathised with me—in fact, it was they who first advised me to get police protection. Afterwards, however, some of them shunned me altogether, and others asked me where my Christianity was, having my husband put in prison. But what was six weeks in jail compared with the agony we have gone through. My son and I dared not even have a light in the house and had to pretend we were out for fear of being abused. I have written a nice letter to my mother-in-law, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, but she has not replied.

BOTH my son and I have done our utmost to get my husband to come home and lead a decent life, but all he says is that he is having a good time and nothing else matters. My boy, who is a son to be proud of, is studying for a higher position and I have to go out to work to keep things going.

This woman tells me that her husband's family have shunned her because she took him to court. What else could they expect her to do? Not only did he leave his wife and son, but he refused to maintain them. And yet he could afford to buy a car to take the other woman about.

I contend that my correspondent had no other course open to her. Since her husband's relations have adopted this unfair attitude to her, the only thing is for her to leave them alone. If she were to write again or call to see them it might only mean subjecting herself to further snubs or even rudeness.

And that would only cause her more annoyance.

But I don't see why her husband should be allowed to go on shirking his responsibilities. He should either pay or be punished.

I SUGGEST that my correspondent should seek the advice of a local magistrate.

He would be able to guide her as to her next step.

Meantime, in spite of her great sorrow, she has her son. Let her remember that she is everything to him, as he is to her, and that in his future life and career she will have a wonderful interest.

That alone will, I am sure, enable her to carry on through what must be a terrible time.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Human Documents by Philip Inman

DESTROY Ants!
Kill ants as you do other insect pests—with a regular sprinkle of Keating's—the trusted insecticide for 50 years. Cartels: 2d., 6d. & 1/-. Powder flask 1/-
KEATING'S KILLS
BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc., even Bugs
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

Nerve-health means PERSONALITY!

That force of character which we call personality is the result of rich nutriment passing from one or more of the ductless glands into the nervous system. If our glands are not manufacturing a sufficiency of this nerve food it must be sought outside.

That—put simply—is the reason for the recognised success of PHOSFERINE, the vital nerve foods in just the right form. Unquestionably PHOSFERINE nourishes the nerves, restores vitality, does far more than anything else to impart personality. Remember the long list of famous personalities who acknowledge their indebtedness to PHOSFERINE.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for	for	for	for
DEPRESSION	BRAIN-FAG	INFLUENZA	ANAEMIA
HEADACHE	NEURALGIA	RHEUMATISM	DEBILITY
INDIGESTION	SLEEPLESSNESS	SCIATICA	NEURASTHENIA

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size: you save almost 2/-.

WARNING. The public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

"I WAS A CARPENTER... UNTIL DIRT-BRED GERMS COST ME MY ARM"

This is the sort of thing which the dangers of dirt constantly lead to. It may happen in your home next week—to-morrow, if you are leaving yourself open to the dangers of infection from dirt-bred germs.

Only by doing away with *all* dirt can you be really safe. If you leave a scrap of dirt behind germs may breed and lie in wait to infect the tiniest cut or graze, and to attack a run-down system. Use a soap that takes dirt completely away—use Family Health Soap *always*.

– he thought

–still not healing, growing worse

TERRIBLE FACIAL ERUPTION

"I had a bad breaking-out on the right side of my jaw. It got worse, and I was compelled to stay indoors owing to its spreading round my chin. One night I washed my face and chin with Family Health and dabbed the affected part very carefully. Like magic, the irritation stopped."

Testimonial No. 10780

You owe to yourself and to everyone in your home to see that washing with Family Health Soap becomes a habit.

2½d per tablet two tablet carton 5d also oversize tablet 3d

WHERE THERE'S DIRT THERE'S DANGER

PROTECT YOUR HOME AND YOURSELF WITH

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

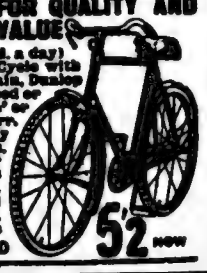
SM 28-172 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 2/9d. and 3/-.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/3 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/3 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

52/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 633 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that failing to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 633.

Prices: 1/9 (50), 3/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432).

Here are further well-known SHADFORTH Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144).

"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108.) It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 3/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.

Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. J.B.36), 69, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

WOULD YOU LIKE A FREE SAMPLE OF BIRDS CUSTARD?

THEN SEIZE This SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY NOW—Before it's too late!

HOUSEWIVES! Here's a unique present for you! A Special New Size Packet of Birds Custard containing four half-pints, FREE! This packet of Birds is yours for the asking. All you have to do to get one of these New Size packets is to send your name and address to Birds Custard, Dept. F.Q.27, Thames House, Millbank, London. Cut this out for your immediate attention. Offer appears on p. 27.

A PLEASANT PINCH IN EVERY PINCH

TOP MILL SNUFF

IN HANDY WAISTCOAT POCKET TINS 2d

S. WILSON LTD. SHEFFIELD

RHEUMATISM

If you are in the grip of agonising Rheumatism get a Beechams Brand Powder and find relief for 2d. Acts like magic in charming away pain. Quick and certain. Also invaluable for Nerve Pains, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Headaches.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each.

Net Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

GOES FOR 2d

Beechams Powders

BRAND

Stop Your Back Aching!

DON'T ENDURE backache, rheumatic pains, swollen joints, urinary disorders, disturbed nights, headaches and dizzy attacks. As soon as these symptoms indicate kidney weakness take Doans Backache Kidney Pills. By their special action on the kidneys and urinary system they will restore you to health in the shortest possible time.

"No Medicine equals Doans"

Mr. E. Cook, 49, Highfield Road, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, says:—"For twenty years I was subject to severe attacks of lumbago. Sharp twinges would catch me in the back and hips. The urinary system was disordered and the excretions contained sediment.

"No remedy I tried brought me the relief I got from Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They eased my back and made me well. I always say there's no medicine to equal Doans Pills.

(*Signed*) E. Cook."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

up to any amount accepted.

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE WINNINGS BY RETURN

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bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

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What I Like to Read about the KING

Human Anecdotes

Simple, human anecdotes such as the following are what I like to read most about the King.

A cricket match was in progress on one of the pleasant village greens so common in the Beaufort country. Unnoticed by the crowd, a blue limousine braked and drew up on the roadside near by.

From it stepped a youthful figure, inconspicuously attired.

For a quarter of an hour the visitor remained watching the game, clapping enthusiastically with the other spectators as a brilliant young bat piled up the last few runs of his century.

Then, returning unobtrusively to his car, the Prince of Wales, our present King, drove slowly away.—*E. B., Acton Turville.*

They Follow

Although a mere male, I am often to be found reading newspaper reports and studying photographs of the Royal Family, paying special attention to the design of His Majesty's apparel. Eagerly I take in the colour, cut and style of his suit.

I am afraid, however, that my interest is not altogether unselfish, for I happen to be the owner of a gentlemen's tailoring establishment, and I know from past experience that what goes with our King will go with his subjects.—*Hot Iron, Canterbury.*

Kingship a Business

As a business man, my keen pleasure in life is to read of King Edward's efficiency. Kingship has become a business and speeded up like any other business.

The dovetailing of functions, the filling of the unforgiving minute is sheer delight to read, although I realise, a trifle sadly, that he brings a more kind and loving spirit to his business than other men.—*R. A., Yorks.*

He Does it All

The King's understanding of the working man and his constant endeavour to serve him makes very interesting reading.

Many consider it is not really necessary for a king or crown prince to go down mines or into mills: to go out on the high seas with the fishing fleet or to discuss agriculture with farmers. They think it unnecessary for him to talk about domestic matters with housewives, to visit the slums.

Yet our King does all this. He is truly a "working man's king."—*T. H., N.W.*

Deep Sincerity

It pleases me most to read about the unconventional manner in which the King fraternises with all classes—that hail-fellow-well-met characteristic which he inherits from his father and which endears him to the man-in-the-street.

It is no mere pose adopted with an eye to popularity. From time to time we get unmistakable proofs of the deep sincerity behind the King's interest in the most humble of his subjects.

Of King Edward it might well be said, as was remarked of another famous man, that he is "informed yet delightfully informal."—*F. M., East Croydon.*

One of Us

King Edward VIII. was two years as an undergraduate at Oxford. On his accession to the throne the Oxford Labour Club published in its magazine a photograph of him with, underneath, the words, "Magdalen Man Makes Good."

We are told that when King Edward saw it he was highly amused.

This is the sort of thing I like to read about our popular King. It makes one realise his essential humanity and how much he is really one of us.—*H. D., Middlesbrough.*

Hates "Fuss"

His consideration for the worker, his kindly thought for children and his anxiety lest any age-old custom, incumbent with his position, should cause interference with the lives of his peoples, are the salient points of Edward VIII, King and Gentleman.

I am filled with admiration when I read of his genuine impatience with "fuss" of any description, and of his constant endeavour to bring the Court and national affairs up to modern simplicity.—*Morland, Isleworth.*

Trade Contacts

I enjoy reading of His Majesty's interest in trade and commerce. After all, these things form the life blood of the Empire, and probably no single man alive to-day has done more to procure a "healthy circulation" for British industry than King Edward VIII.

His visits, as Prince of Wales, to the Argentine and other foreign countries resulted in trade contacts which were not only of immediate benefit to the Empire but have become permanent factors in British prosperity.—*Miss M. R., Southall.*

Unfailing Sympathy

Always a whole-hearted admirer of our King, the action I most admire since his accession, apart from the countless instances of his deep feeling for his people, is the manner in which he has unsparingly given his patronage to so many hospitals and charities. Constantly we read, "His Majesty has graciously consented to become the Patron of ——Society or Hospital."

It would be so easy for him to plead other urgent claims on his attention, but our King realises, with his unfailing sympathy, the great value this evidence of his interest means to those who work for the good of others.—*A Mother, London, N.*

Simple Things

Every paragraph of news concerning the life of our King I read with the greatest interest. But I find most pleasing those which tell of his slipping away from the cares of State to spend a few quiet, peaceful hours in his garden at Fort Belvedere.

And not only of his walking in his garden, but of his gardening. I can picture him examining his roses for greenfly, tying up a delphinium here, a carnation there, forking over the soil where his foot has rested.

This tells me of a man, our King, who finds happiness in the simple things of life, an open-air man, who will take even greater care in tending his bigger garden—which is Britain and the Empire.—*Spade, Devonshire.*

Why He Flies

The finest thing among the many I have read about our King is his reason for doing so much flying.

Many thought that, as King, he would discontinue flying because of the risk. It was characteristic of his sound sense and thought for others that he realised that for him—a confirmed airman—to give up that mode of travel might do great harm to flying generally.

Therefore, with the courage of his own convictions, he continues to fly. Lesser men would have taken the advice of short-sighted officials, thus hindering the cultivation of the "air-mindedness" we need.—*H. B., Surrey.*

Stormbound

Of his unfailing interest in the mercantile marine, which extends to the half-forgotten men who man the lonely outposts of Britain's coastal lights.

Some few years ago two lighthouse-keepers, stormbound for weeks, and suffering great privation owing to the deterioration of their food supplies, were rescued only after great difficulty, and reached shore in a state of collapse.

The event—a commonplace one in the annals of Trinity House workers—escaped public notice, yet both of those men received a message of condolence from "Edward, Prince of Wales."—*Winding Stairs, Portmadoc.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Pitmen's Derby

THE "Geordies" will be making merry again when their Derby comes up for decision at Newcastle this month. It is one of the big events of the year in which the Northerners usually hold at bay the invaders from the South.

On this occasion, however, I am of the opinion that Piccadilly, owned by Lord Harewood and trained at Newmarket, will make their best go "all out."

Old-timers claim that Underhand, foaled and reared at Spigot Lodge, Middleham, was one of the best horses ever to win the race. In fact, he captured the spoils twice and was second on another occasion; but I do not think the North can produce another Underhand this year.

San Sebastian—100 to 7— and Ballywellbroke at 4 to 1 were good Code winners last week. I hope to have some equally good for Windsor.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, June 18, to Wednesday, June 24.

Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X L H J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:—

OK96UW would read SATYR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. FKZ2KO would read GALLAS.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 23.

My Darkest Hour

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS NEW WAY OF SHAVING?

FREE Trial Tube

CORO-SHAVE gives you a clean, comfortable shave without soap or hot water, and leaves your skin as smooth and soft as satin. A free seven-day trial tube will be sent in return for a 1½d. stamp to cover packing.

Write to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 115), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

cos 2-36

Don't overlook the
"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 2 and 3 and
The Small Ads Worth Watching
on page 16.

"GIVE ME YOUR MEASURE AND I'LL PROVE IN THE FIRST 7 DAYS YOU CAN HAVE A BODY LIKE MINE!"

By Charles Atlas

Holder of the title: "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I'LL give you proof in 7 days that I can make you a NEW MAN. Right in the first week you will see and feel the improvement! Then as my weekly lessons arrive in your home I continue to rebuild, renew and "overhaul" your body. Soon you are the proud owner of a powerful build like mine. People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, and your broad shoulders. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while others wonder how you did it!

Actual photo showing CHARLES ATLAS as he is to-day.

No Apparatus

I haven't any need for apparatus that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. Dynamic-Tension is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out. Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll pare you down to fighting trim! And I'll also give you rugged health that banishes constipation, pimples, bad breath, and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life.

48-Page Book FREE

Post coupon below for FREE copy of my new book. It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 7-stone weakling into a husky who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Tells all about my method and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. Shows from actual photos how I develop my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. My system can do the same for YOU, too. Don't keep on being only half of the man you CAN be! Put your name and address on the coupon and post it TO-DAY, as supply is limited. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13-F, Shell-Mex House, London, W.C.2.

CHARLES ATLAS

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I want the proof that your system of Dynamic-Tension will make a new man of me. Send me your book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." FREE.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

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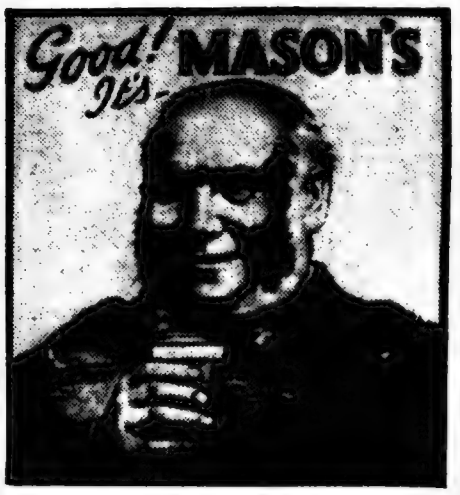
'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN

they're blended better

MASON'S BOTANIC BEER



Says Farmer Haystead.

Brew this health-giving drink yourself for less than

Pleasantly surprise your friends with the rich, full flavour of Mason's. You can safely offer it to all, it is strong yet non-intoxicating, a drink and a beverage. Mason's costs only 9d. bottle from Grocer or Chemist. Send for sample.

ONE PENNY PER PINT

MASON'S Extract of Herbs

COUPON

To NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., Nottingham.

Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make 1 gal. of Mason's Botanic Beer, with name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

Name & Address in Block Letters .....

Dept. 20

THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES.

CHARMING TWO-PIECE

YOURS FOR 1/6 WITH ORDER

RITA

Fashionable Two-piece, well-tailored in "Modern Times" floral print, three-quarter coat in plain art. marocain. Coat in Black, Navy, Brown, Lido, Green; with floral frock to tone. In S.S.W., S.W., W.

Price 39/6

(Also in W.X.)

Please send "Rita" for which I enclose 2/3 (1/6 deposit and 9d. postage). I will pay the balance of price by fortnightly instalments of 3/-. **Deposit refunded if not satisfied.**

Colour..... Bust.....

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Send this coupon with full name and address and Postal Order to

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243-271, Regent Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

J.B. Write for Ladies' Summer Catalogue

Dr. Wernet's Powder For

FALSE TEETH

A Joy To All Users

Cannot Slip or Slide

Sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder and you won't have to think about your false teeth all day long. Joyous comfort is yours. Eat anything you want—it holds plates firmly in place—they positively cannot slip or slide. Forms protective cushion for sensitive gums. Leaves no coloured, gummy substance—keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant. Prescribed by world's most noted dentists. The cost is small—the comfort great. Sold by Chemists everywhere.

How do you clean it?

Lavatory-pan scrubbing is unpleasant and unhealthy. Moreover, no brush can ever reach round that hidden bend in the pipe.

Just a sprinkle of Harpic keeps your lavatory-pan spotlessly white and sanitary — free from odours. It cleans right round the bend in the pipe. It's a powerful disinfectant, too. You don't need dangerous acids. Use Harpic, in NEW EASY-FLOW TIN — 6d., 1/-, 1/9.

JUST A SPRINKLE OF HARPIC THAT'S ALL IT NEEDS

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

Skin Soft as Velvet

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema, and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J BEAUCHAMP, 40, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.2.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Why suffer BOILS?

Have you tried Burgess' Lion Ointment, famous for 89 years? Mr. T. A. W. (Lancs) writes: "I suffered agony from Boils, Abscesses and Whitlows; and it was not until I tried Burgess' Lion Ointment that I found relief."

The safe, sure, trusty healer for Boils, Carbuncles, Poisoned Wounds, Abscesses, Polypus, Piles, Eczema, and successful even with obstinate cases of Bad Leg. Get a box from your Chemist—

LION OINTMENT 1/3

1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

BACKACHE

KIDNEY TROUBLE IS THE CAUSE

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Yet thousands of sufferers go on in their chronic pain and weakness until perhaps they have to give up, becoming bed-ridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past. Sufferers, you must realise that Backache is Nature's urgent signal of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently you can end your trouble by taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

They are a safe and sure remedy in all cases of

RHEUMATISM BACKACHE
BLADDER TROUBLE SCIATICA
JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO
DISTURBED NIGHTS
or any Urinary Irregularities

De Witts Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the kidneys. If you will only persevere, their blood-cleansing, tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain. Then your backache goes, your rheumatism is ended and life seems good once more.

Remember this. De Witts Pills are made for the one purpose only—to end the pain and weakness caused by Kidney Trouble. They are not just ordinary pills or salts that pass through the bowels out of the system. They purify the blood and build up health, strength and vitality. De Witts Pills go to the seat of the trouble—the kidneys. Get relief to-day by getting the genuine

DE WITTS
BRAND
KIDNEY & BLADDER **PILLS**

Prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

Indigestion Relieved after the *first dose*

What wouldn't you give for a remedy like that—one that gave you *immediate* and *complete* relief after just one dose? Think what it would mean to you—the end of those months, those years of suffering, no more stabbing agony, no more "bloated" sensations after meals, no more palpitation or heartburn!

Yes, there really is such a remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder. It is made to give instant and permanent relief from *all* stomach troubles, from mild flatulence or heartburn to acute dyspepsia or gastritis. Its unfailing effect is due to its wonderful three-fold action.

First, it neutralises the excess acid that is causing the painful flatulence, palpitation and inflammation of the stomach walls.

Secondly, it spreads a soothing, healing and protective coating of colloidal kaolin over the inflamed stomach walls, and so gives the stomach a chance to regain its proper state of health while allowing the ordinary process of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, to make sure of *permanent* relief, one ingredient partially digests the food and so takes a heavy load from the weakened stomach and intestines. Every case of indigestion, however severe, is instantly relieved and pains vanish.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by Chemists everywhere, price **1/6**

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

DIVER (Portsmouth).—"I have just published a book on diving." It should go down well.

T. S. (Cockermouth).—"My bicycle is a great comfort to me." It keeps you going?

OBSERVER (Upton).—"Hard drinking and drunkenness are simply fading out." An apt description.

MOTORIST (Newcastle).—"I left my car at home and took a taxi for a change." But as usual the driver had none?

T. (Nottingham).—"For the past week I have seen the same stars every evening." Then it must be a good film.

MRS. D. (Bath).—"While playing tennis at home, I hit a ball on to the tea-table and smashed four cups and two saucers." You'll need a new service now.

C. P. (Kew).—"I have just been glancing through a book which has given me much food for thought." You mean your pass-book?

HENRY (Staffs).—"In a recent film a gangster fired a revolver at the lock of the door, and then found that he still could not open it." He had shot the bolt?

TAILOR (London).—"There are two outstanding arts in my business." Persuading a man to buy and persuading him to pay?

MRS. G. (Weston).—"Why doesn't the modern girl take up fancy work like her grandmother did in her time?" Maybe the modern girl doesn't fancy work.

S. D. (Nottingham).—"Are the lines on manuscript music paper always printed the same distance apart?" They are always done to the same scale.

SMOKER (Farnham).—"I tried a much advertised brand of cigarettes, but did not think much of them." They are not all they are puffed up to be?

MRS. W. (Sunderland).—"Coal merchants object to the customer who asks for credit." Especially the one who tells them to put it "on the slate."

S. M. (Sutton).—"Most women hate a snake." But mixed with their loathing is a lot of envy for the creature's fashionably hipless figure.

L. S. T. (Harrogate).—"I held my audience while telling of the wonderful properties of British waters." They were drinking it in.

O. Y. (Aldenham).—"Even the job of throwing gravel on the roads requires a certain amount of skill." And, of course, considerable grit.

N. S. (Ryde).—"Whatever else my old schoolmaster was, I must say he taught us to write well." So he set you a good copy.

HUBBY (Harwich).—"What is worse than a man's wife finding a letter that he forgot to post?" Finding one he forgot to burn.

BOXER (Whitechapel).—"The reason I lost the fight was that I had eaten nothing for twenty hours." So you were beaten hollow.

B. T. (Caversham).—"I should think that excessive angling as a hobby would tend to make them round-shouldered." But you have forgotten the corrective nature of the arm-stretching exercises he performs when describing the catch!

SECRETARY (Brighton).—"Our vice-captain is scoring more in each succeeding match this season, but I can't get his subscription out of him; he keeps on saying he'll pay me, but he never does." He's a promising batsman.

Toby (Elmfield).—"I didn't feel the same man after staining all the floors of the house." And we'll bet you didn't look the same.

"We'll count five hundred—hide again and see if we can find you this time."

(From "The Passing Show")

F. H. (Melton).—"Since my uncle has taken up hunting his health has been excellent." He is always in the pink?

MOTHER (Hull).—"I keep hiding my little boy's conjuring set on a high shelf, but he gets on a chair to reach it." He is always up to his tricks.

B.MUS. (Cambridge).—"I am in great demand as a conductor of orchestras, and I make a lot of money out of it." So your post is flourishing?

MISS T. (Bolton).—"My sister used always to quarrel with me as to whose turn it was to wash the dishes." But you agreed to sink your differences?

R. P. (St. Neots).—"Thousands of copies of a most helpful book for beginners in photography have been sold this year." It has taken well.

TENOR (Lancaster).—"Because I was just a little late in coming in, my partner tore the duet right across." It was in two parts?

MRS. A. (Bradford).—"The judges of the knitting contest had the greatest difficulty in deciding between the first two." It was evidently a needle match.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Chelsea).—"The power of a smile is so great that many a person owes his high position to it." It has a face value, then.

JACK (N. Devon).—"We lads of the village have a stock of eggs waiting for the next speaker who upsets us." That's rotten for him.

P. P. (Edmonton).—"Wives seem to want the latest of everything in their houses." And often sit up waiting for them to arrive.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

BACHELOR (Kennington).—"What does the average married man have in the way of a good night out?" His wife.

B. D. (Kingston).—"When I can spare the time I go to a nudist club." When you have nothing on, so to speak.

T. G. Y. (Liverpool).—"My job in life is to bring about a new order of things." Ah! Commercial traveller!

P. J. (Faversham).—"When in the country I can never tell a cow from a bull." As far as you are concerned it is a toss-up.

JACK (Bradford).—"What do you think of people who regularly sleep eleven and twelve hours?" They don't know what is going on half their time.

DICK (Southampton).—"I am assured that a New York orchestra leader has insured his baton for 5,000 dollars." Well, that beats the band!

TOM (Chelmsford).—"Length of holiday has nothing whatever to do with enjoyment." Our neighbour has a month to our fortnight, too.

TICKET COLLECTOR (London, W.).—"In another few weeks the crowds will be on their toes for the holiday excursions." And ours.

BUSINESS MAN (City).—"One day last week every one of my regular credit customers ordered something." Business poured in from all accounts.

W. R. (Croydon).—"The seats were half empty at our local kinema last week." But surely *all* the patrons weren't courting couples?

B. T. (Portslade).—"I invented a new photographic-plate, but spoilt it by exposure to the light. I have now lost the secret." You should have kept it dark.

C. A. H. (Newport).—"The burglar who returns home empty-handed at least has a clear conscience." He has nothing to hide?

C. A. (Bloomsbury).—"The Scotsman tossed a shilling to the commissionaire as if he owned the hotel." Ah! the Highland fling!

A. G. (St. Neots).—"My dog, which was stolen, was only returned to me by the police because I was able to swear to it." It recognised your voice?

A. M. J. (Birmingham).—"My wife goes up in the air whenever I talk about *Bullets*." Bring her down to earth by winning this week's £500 and a flight with Amy Mollison. See page 43.

POULTRY FARMER (Ferndown).—"I do not know what is the matter with my hens. They all have a miserable appearance." So would you if you couldn't find things where you laid them.

FOSSIL (Dorset).—"I am about to have published a book of over a thousand pages dealing with archæology. Would you like a copy?" No thanks, we are afraid it would be too heavy for us.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

WILTSHIRE TIMES:—". . . the crime carried its OWN NOURISHMENT."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . to the dry documents over which he has POURED for so many years."

THE RANGOON GAZETTE:—"Three hundred bandits are reported to have MASSAGED 33 . . . settlers."

EAST HAM ECHO:—". . . allowed a certain amount of LASSITUDE in the discussion."

THE EVENING DISPATCH, EDINBURGH:—". . . parents will be left to decide to which schools their sons are to be TRANSFORMED."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—". . . if he was going to be the means of preventing UNEMPLOYMENT he was sorry."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—". . . if he shows that he is keen on SOLDERING and has any aptitude for handling men. . . ."

ZOO

wants an Awantibo

But would you know an Awantibo if you saw one? And there are other equally strange names on the "Wanted" list of the Zoological Society. For instance a Bongo is required as well, and a Takin, and an Okapi.

Read all about these and other little-known but fascinating animals in the July issue of "ZOO" Monthly on sale next Wednesday. D. Seth-Smith, the "Zoo Man" of the B.B.C. and Curator of Mammals and Birds at the London Zoo is perhaps the greatest authority to write on such a subject.

"John Sussex" Morgan talks about the "Royal" Families of the Farms, C. B. Williams describes an African-Iceland Butterfly Airway, L. R. Brightwell continues the strange history of the Zoo, and there are magnificent animal stories by well-known writers.

Order a copy of this Wonderful new magazine at once. Price 6d. at all newsagents and bookstalls.

ZOO *monthly*

THE NATIONAL NATURE MAGAZINE

If the Heels are not branded Phillips, they are not the genuine article

Therefore, since you have every right to the *treble wear* you paid for, and which *only Phillips give*, we make the following unique offer.

If you ordered Phillips Heels, and they were not fitted, send your shoes to us, with the name and address of your Bootman, and

WE WILL FIT GENUINE PHILLIPS FREE OF CHARGE

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Phillips Patents Ltd., Dept. J.B.9, Western Avenue, Acton, London, W.3

"they must be Phillips HEELS"

— *'Last the time of three'* —

Saturday Morning!

There's the big match on this afternoon—a special occasion. What about something rather special to smoke? Obviously Wills's Whiffs—mild, cool, real cigar flavour *and* quite inexpensive.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

WW11

4 REASONS WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 *'New Veet'* ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 *'New Veet'* leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.

3 *'New Veet'* is just like a toilet cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 *'New Veet'* avoids coarse regrowth —unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker.

Prices 6d. and 1/3d.

PAIN FADES RIGHT OUT when you take 'ASPRO'

There's a right and a wrong way of doing everything. For instance, there are dangerous drugs that will stop pain. On the other hand, there is a quick and safe way to soothe pain away—the 'ASPRO' method—IT'S THE RIGHT WAY. When you take 'ASPRO' tablets to banish your pain you run no risk of harmful after effects, for 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or the stomach. In fact, it is so safe that a child can take it. So you see there is no need to suffer pain. 'ASPRO' soothes your pain and helps to eliminate the cause; leaving Nature to assert herself. So you see; 'ASPRO' is the ideal medicine. Why not adopt it as your standard remedy?

Read these letters from people whose pain has been banished

"NOTHING BETTER THAN 'ASPRO'" SAYS NURSE

Nurse J. writes from 95, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, London, E. "To me there is nothing better for feverishness and headaches, etc., than 'ASPRO', and I would be glad to encourage patients to have them for their safe results."

IMMEDIATE PAIN-RELIEF

267 Northumberland Avenue, Reading.

Dear Sirs,

Just a few words of praise for 'ASPRO'. I had some teeth extracted and for three days I had untold agony through aching gums and someone suggested 'ASPRO' and the first two tablets gave instant relief.

I am, Yours truly,
V. WITHERS.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
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ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
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PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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ASPRO

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES DISPLAY AND STOCK 'ASPRO.'

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

JOHN BULL CELEBRATES 30th BIRTHDAY
£30 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £1000 Cash
...OR GIANT LUMP SUM OF 3,000 GUINEAS
THIS YEAR'S
WIN RECORD FIRST PRIZE

HURRY WITH YOUR ENTRIES FOR THIS GIANT HOLIDAY OFFER!

YOU still have a few days left in which to win the greatest Holiday Crossword prize which JOHN BULL has ever offered. But you must tackle the fascinating Clues on this page without delay, for your completed squares must soon be in the post if you are to enjoy the countless benefits of the colossal 2-in-1 First Prize now finally within your reach.

Beating your rivals, as more than 75 JOHN BULL Crossworders have already done, will mean wealth at once in the form of a £1,000 fortune. And, in addition to receiving this fine sum, you will be made independent for life by a solid Pension of £30 every month.

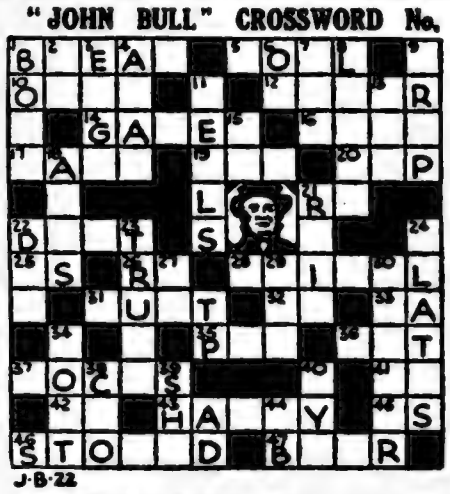
A big increase in Holiday Cash for Runners-up and special Birthday Bonuses, value £2, for every winner of £2 or over are two other reasons why you must not miss this sensational celebration of JOHN BULL's 30th Birthday.

Already 24 competitors are drawing Life Pensions as the result of scoring outright victories in JOHN BULL's common-sense Crosswords. Get busy on those absorbing Clues this evening and, on Friday, July 3, a golden Joy Wire may well bring you JOHN BULL's congratulations. No further squares for this enormous Birthday Offer will appear in these pages and, to secure a place in that memorable prize-list, your squares *must* reach JOHN BULL by Friday, June 26.

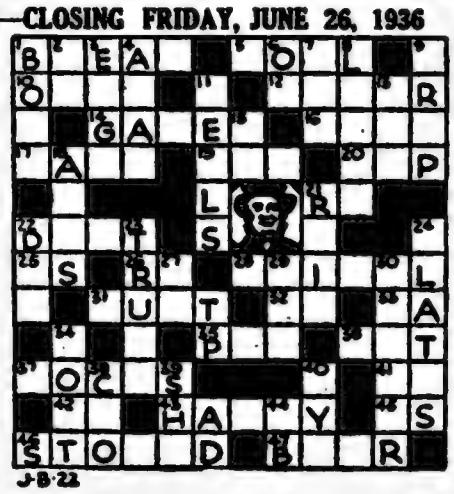
EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

For this Special Contest only you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Other coupons appeared in last week's JOHN BULL. For further squares send penny post-card to JOHN BULL's Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 22—CLOSING FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1936



J·B·22



J·B·22

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value.....No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

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CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

ENTRY FEE *For two squares, send P.O. for 6d.; for four squares, send 1s.; for six squares, send 1s. 6d.,* entitling you to enclose one FREE-ENTRY coupon bearing two extra squares.

DON'T FORGET YOUR TWO FURTHER ENTRY FORMS on OPPOSITE PAGE WITH FREE COUPON

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the twenty-second of JOHN BULL's entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit., Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, July 9, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as directed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Kind that's faultlessly made wins the prizes
5. Defying the law shows a man is this
10. Drunken revel
12. Soup can be this or thick
14. Science may yet show how to defy all these
16. Slang for Spaniard or Portuguese
17. Frame round window
19. Cover of a tin
20. Vigour that starts peppering
21. Found in horses and cars
22. Often results in a hole
25. Centre of rose
26. In trunks and begins running
28. This is nonsense [tragic
31. Its presence on workmen's tools is
32. Ant without a tail
33. Distinguished artist in trance
35. Dangerous one needs constant supervision
36. "Welcome" is often written all over this
37. Dry ones are often needed after storms
41. South East
42. Half Sobe in prison
43. For successful camping holiday you need to be this
45. How cities and empires end
46. Coal is, on skips
47. There's danger for victim of its grip

DOWN

1. Typist's thoughts should not be centred on
2. Middle of mirror
3. They can be scrambled or poached
4. Indian nurse
6. Beginning of October
7. Antiques that's not quite sold
8. Bounds
9. Good one keeps roof over some people's heads
11. Sounding these is a safety precaution
13. How long you've lived
15. Bit of crisis in Russia
18. Are given considerable publicity
21. Adds to misery of earthquake victims
22. Good one is willing to learn
23. Very big one causes railway difficulties
24. Replacing broken ones is often difficult
27. United States
29. Rodent found in crate
30. This rube cut [interview
34. Discourages maid from travelling for
38. Pigeons and sweethearts do this
39. Feminine pronoun
40. Match is often decided by
44. This is drab without the artist

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE and become entitled to enter two additional Gift Squares provided. If making additional entries, one allowed free with each three paid. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, June 26.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

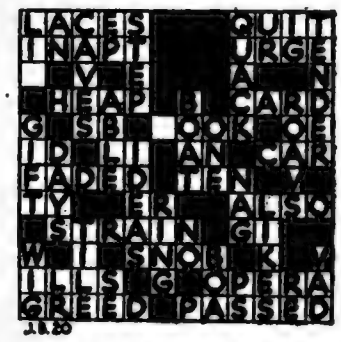
3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, July 9. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 14, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prizes. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, 3,000 Guineas cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

X-WORD No. 20



J.B.20

WINNERS ON PAGE 2

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Two spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points competitors who used the words LID, LIE or LIP and BOOK or ROOK were regarded as having submitted apt and accurate Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 20 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

GET THIS FREE HELP In addition to valuable "Reasons Why" guidance, the "Crossword Gazette" provides Entry Squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free!

Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin on page 43. Every reader now receives a free Entry Envelope weekly.

with GREATEST SUMMER HOLIDAY OFFER IN CROSSWORD HISTORY

£250 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

ADDITIONAL **£100** between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" receives four or more entries (8 squares including 2 free squares) in same envelope.

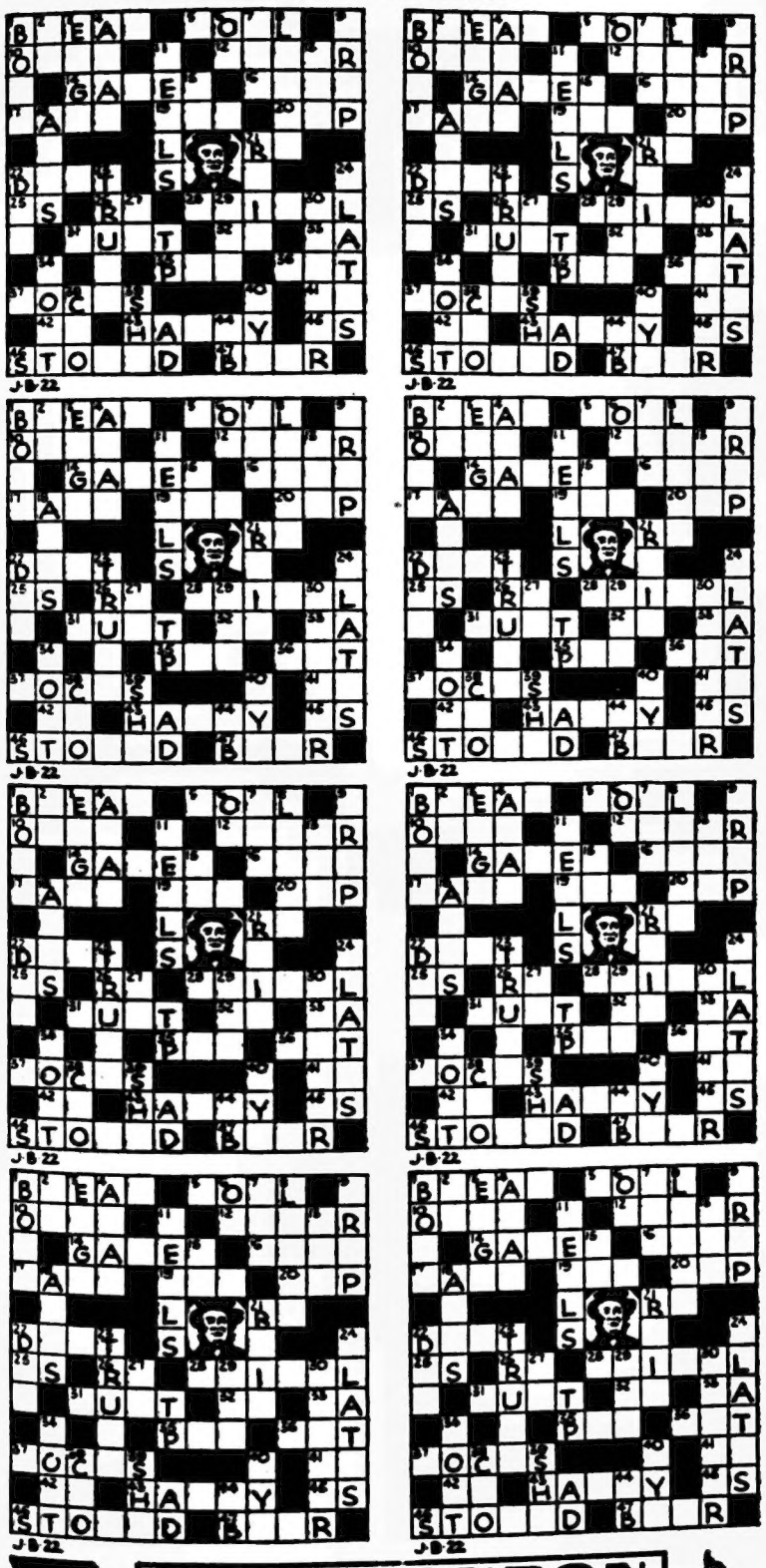
EXTRA BIRTHDAY BONUS AWARD — VALUE £2 WITH EACH PRIZE OF £2 OR OVER —

Closing Friday June 26

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED — ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED.

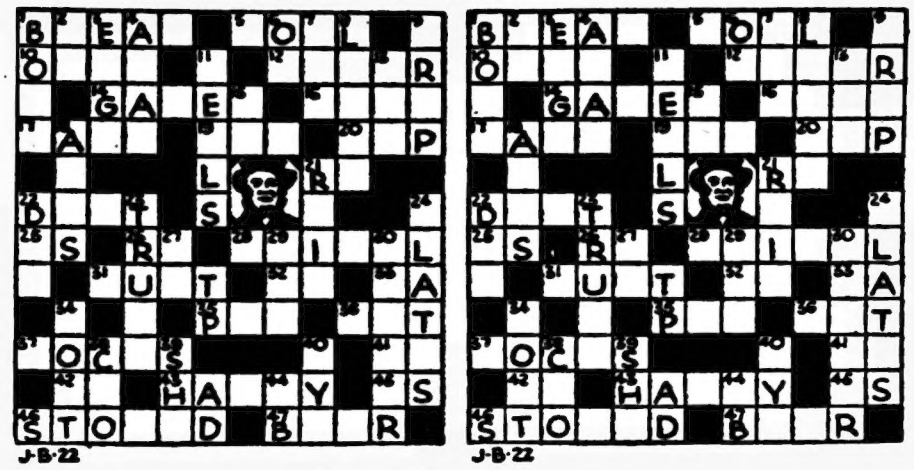
KEEP YOUR COPIES HERE.

These miniature reproductions of "John Bull's" Crossword Squares are for your copies only and will NOT be accepted as entries.



J-B-22

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 22—CLOSING FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1936



J-B-22 J-B-22

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

P.O. value..... No.....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

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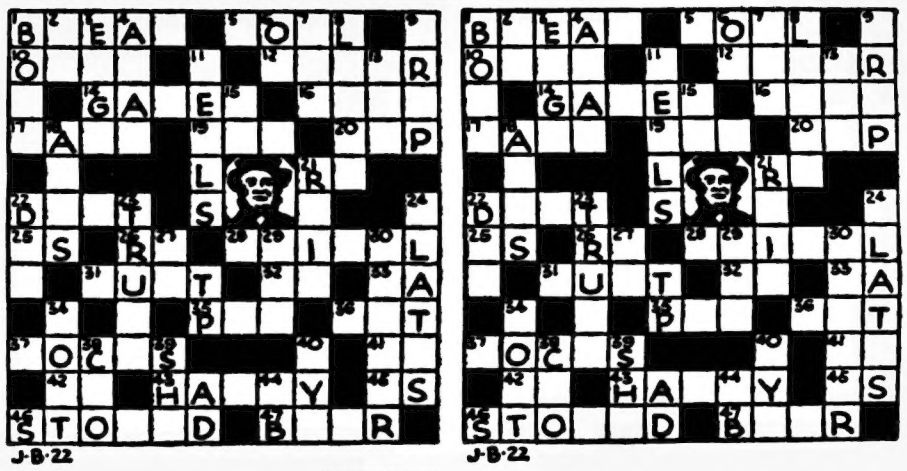
CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 22—CLOSING FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1936



J-B-22 J-B-22

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

ENTRY FEE for 6 Squares 1s. 6d.

P.O. value..... No.....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

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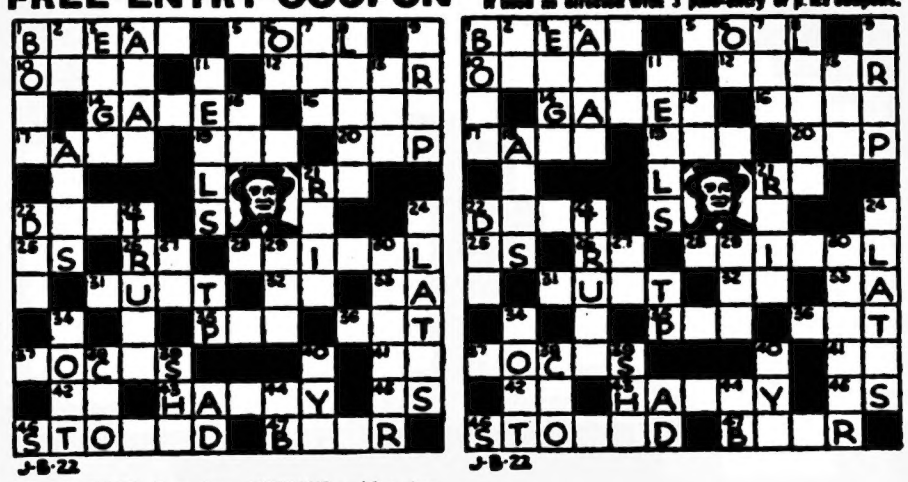
CUT ALONG THESE DOTTED LINES

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 22, and if used as directed with 3 paid-entry or p.i.c. coupons.



J-B-22 J-B-22

FREE COUPON for use as directed

I enclose THREE paid-entry or prize coupons for Crossword No. 22, and claim this FREE ENTRY accordingly. I agree to all rules and conditions.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crossword No. 22, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

FREE COUPON

The two entry squares on this fourth coupon are FREE, provided it is enclosed in the same envelope with three other paid (or prize) coupons from same entrant.

AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL FRIDAY, JUNE 26

LAST DAYS TO ENTER CLOSING FRI., JUNE 26

POTTER'S gives Instant Relief for ASTHMA CATARRH CROUP BRONCHITIS

Therefore don't wait till the next attack comes on but go to your chemist and get a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure. Inhale its soothing fumes and at once the paroxysms of coughing cease, the horrible sensations of tightness across the chest, the frantic struggles for breath and the choking feeling, which compels you to fly to the window, all disappear. Sleepless nights become a thing of the past and you will once again be able to carry out your daily duties. There is no need for delay as every chemist everywhere sells Potter's—it is the one remedy that will give you the relief you need. Potter's Asthma Cure is equally good for Chronic Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever and other chest troubles.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cigarettes)

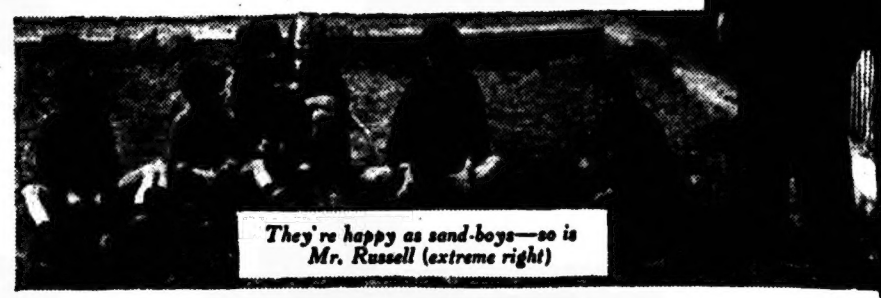
UGLY LARGE PORES -BLACKHEADS

Caused by Wrong Face Powder

New Invention Makes Powder 'NON-CLOGGING'

Dr. M. Catrin, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, says: "Starchy powders enter the pores and swell, causing the pores to enlarge. Powders containing tiny particles of grit irritate the delicate skin pores and cause spots and blackheads. But the purest air-floated powder, containing Mousse of Cream, actually has a tonic and beautifying effect on the skin." 'Air-floated' powder is manufactured by an amazing new process in which only powder that *floats on air* is collected. This is the way in which Poudre Tokalon is made. That is why Poudre Tokalon cannot possibly contain gritty particles to clog and irritate the pores. Why Poudre Tokalon spreads so smoothly and evenly—covering the skin with a thin almost invisible film of beauty. And Poudre Tokalon is combined by a patent process with Mousse of Cream. This makes the powder stay on for 8 hours. In the hottest restaurant your face never needs 'touching-up.' At the end of a long evening's dancing your complexion is still fresh and free from shine. Try a box of Poudre Tokalon—the 'Air-floated' powder—to-day. It is something new and entirely different. If you are not delighted with results, money refunded. 6d. and 1/- a box.

DOCKLAND KIDDIES Inspired Bachelor's £1,500 "BULLET"



They're happy as sand-boys—so is Mr. Russell (extreme right)

ONE of the biggest First Prizes yet seen in 1936 has just been captured by a young clerk who works in a London office. For his timely and human *Bullet*, IN THE SUNSHINE—"BRONZED CHILDREN," "FINEST" "MEMORIAL," he has won £1,500 and a Saloon Car in *Bullets* 1,029th Competition.

I called with congratulations for Mr. Frank Russell at his Dockland home, 63, Coronation Road, Plaistow, writes a JOHN BULL man. And to show me how he came to think of this *Bullet*, the winner took me out to a recreation ground just near.

"I had put my top effort on the coupon before I had anything to go with it," Mr. Russell recalled, as the photograph on this page was being snapped. "Then I thought that with the King George V Memorial Fund soon to be opened it would be appropriate to say something about that, especially what a splendid scheme it is to have all those playing fields for the kiddies.

"So I went through the *Examples* again," he continued, "looking for a likely one. I stopped at IN THE SUNSHINE and in a few minutes had got my idea into what I thought a neat *Bullet*.

"None of my family knew that I had entered for that Contest," this young winner went on. "I had not been sending in any *Bullets* for a few weeks, as we have been so busy in the engineer's office where I am employed. I knew nothing about the arrival of the First Prize Joy Wire until I got back late from work on Friday night, to find my mother an father and brother waiting to congrat late me."

By an extraordinary coincidence, learned, Mr. Russell had previous arranged to undergo the official Drivi Test—and this took place on the morn ing after he heard of his Fortune-plu Car success. He had planned this in orde to take his turn at the wheel of h brother's car. But now, having pass both Driving and *Bullets* tests with flyin colours, he will soon be taking the roa in a brand new model of his own.

By careful investment, he assured m this £1,500 winner intends to benefit f many years from the *Bullets* fortune h made in little more than five minutes.

"I have only been entering *Bullets* fo just over a year," he said. "Reading abo that big Jubilee prize-list first attracte me. I soon started to win 'Targets,' bu a single half-crown was my only cas prize before now."

* * *

On this page you will find advanc details of our Record World Cruise Offe coming next week. On the opposite pag you have coupons for this week's uniqu Holiday Offer, with a First Prize of £50 and a flight over London with Mrs. An Mollison as the chief of 101 seasonabl rewards for good *Bullets*.

Remember that what Mr. Russell did *you* can do. Start now on this week' *Examples* and see that you make the mo of both these huge *Bullets* opportunities

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,030

First Prize, £500 and Family Week-end at the Seaside: L. TIPPLE, 7, Briggate, Elland, Yorks.

Example: LITTLE SUNBEAM
Bullet: "ENLIGHTENS" ALL "ABOUT YOU."

£50 AND SEASIDE WEEK-END:
E. BIRKETT, 186, Bradford Road, Otley, Yorks.
Example: When She Goes Hiking
Bullet: "Joan's" Vertical—Returns, "Arc."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£25 AND SEASIDE WEEK-END:
Mrs. RIDGLEY, 6, Barber Street, Bolton, Lancs.
Example: Big Noise
Bullet: "Squeezing" Germany Produced, Hitler.

OTHER PRIZES:

2 of £10: J. A. CLARKE, 2, Wanstead Park Road, Ilford.
Mistress Of The Seas—Craftsmanship "Rising To Crest."

R. HEDLEY, 52, Union Park Road, Tweedmouth, Berwick-on-Tweed.
Work In Plenty—After School—After Schooling?

2 of £9 10s.: Mrs. J. D. HILL, 20, North Ham Road, Littlehampton.
When She Goes Hiking—Milestones Beat Slimming Tablets.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. MORRISON, 275, Warriston Street, Glasgow.
Sandy's Fortune—"Nursed" Since A *Bawbee*.

2 of £9: W. AXTELL, 9, Cranley Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Work In Plenty—Were Plenty's Distribution Workable.

H. STALLARD, 34, Marsala Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.
Grandpa's Deaf, But—Granny's Glad She Wasn't!

2 of £8 10s.: W. C. BLACKMAN, 56, Rowan Road, Norbury, S.W.
Big Bully—Sonny Tackled—Lesson, League!

E. C. B. BUTLER, 73, Percival Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
Lesser Evil—Taxation, Than Attacked Nation.

2 of £8: H. UNDERHILL, 412, Loose Road, Maidstone, Kent.
Can't Escape—Neighbour's Fence Too *Low*.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" Coupon.)

S. H. WELLS, 19, Lismore Road, Gospel Oak, London, N.W.
Can't Escape—Incurables—*Doctor's* "Hand Tied."

2 of £7 10s.: J. KAVANAGH, Newtonkelly, Coalisland, Co. Tyrone.
Big Bully—"Ugly," *Till* Nose Flattened.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

H. O. THOMPSON, 12, Hollywood Avenue, So. Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Their Wedding—"Solemnised" *Him* Fo Life!

2 of £7: Mrs. J. R. PRENTICE, Ardlea, Kel vinside, Glasgow.
Algy's Idea—He's Wit—Half Right!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

C. R. TINKLER, 5, Albert Avenue, King's Lynn, Norfolk.
When She Goes Hiking—Dresses Part Partly Dressed!

2 of £6 10s.: J. CRANE, 45, Bath Street, Hulme, Manchester.
Death Or Glory—For Dad—"Banner" Wallpaper!

M. MacDONALD, 11, Baliol Street, Glasgow.
When The Landlord Called—Given Seat Underneath Leak.

2 of £6: J. McCONNELL, 182, Earl Street, Glasgow.
Stirring Up Trouble—Mussolini, Usin "Lion's Tail."

A. WILLIAMS, 56, Chesham Road, Bury, Lancs.
Grandpa's Deaf, But—Choir's Dumb Without Him!

2 of £5 10s.: L. E. ECCLES, 12, Le Gendre Street, Bolton.
Mistress Of The Seas—Till Ship "Curtsied" Auntie.

Miss A. MELLOR, Newton Bank House, Hyde, Cheshire.
The Lodger — Useful — Unemployment "Firmly Lodged."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

100 Solid Silver Cider TANKARDS FREE!

Complete the missing words on page 29.

TURN to the Bulmer Cider advt. on page 29. Then simply write on a postcard what you consider are the best missing words, add your name and address and post to H. P. Bulmer and Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.6), Hereford. For the best replies 100 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. Entries must be sent in by June 25.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped 3-valve low-consumption Radio. Outfit removes every obstacle that has been standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, pellable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**
Easy Paymonts: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. D. of Dolmuir, writes:—"The S.3 Battery Set has been fitted up and running since Tuesday night, and I may say it is extraordinary wonderful at stat ons—Vienna, Brussels, Paris, London, etc.,—all quite loud and clear. It is indeed a wonderful Set inasmuch as I only use a small inside Aerial and Earth."

Mr. V. S. of Dewsbury, writes:—"The Wireless Set, S.3 model is a splendid job of work only to be seen & heard to advertise itself."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Racing Hubs quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lesterweave adjust. Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Brooks Spring Seat Saddle Hold-all Bag, Reflector and Accessories. Ladies' or Men's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue No. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles' Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

Frames Red, Blue or Black as desired

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

A FREE GIFT FOR YOUR KIDDIES of a Model Glider!

Turn to Page 30, cut out and save the Coupon!

THERE'S lots of fun waiting for your children with the ingenious Quaker model Glider which you can get absolutely FREE just by sending in the Coupons cut from the side of two packets of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice (or one of each). These delicious cereal foods are ready to serve straight from the packet. So if you want to give your kiddies a double treat accept this unique offer now! Cut out and use the special coupon on page 30!

RUPTURE SUFFERERS!

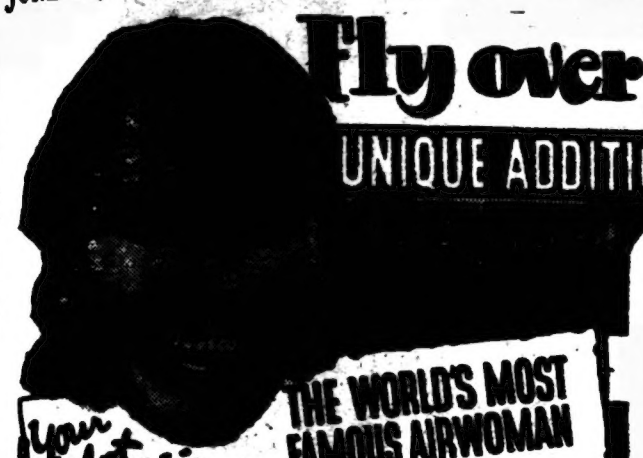
Write for particulars of the 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER announced on p. 3[illegible] the Coupon.

RECORD 1936 WORLD CRUISE OFFER COMING

Next week brings a staggering 3-in-1 First Prize of a 40,000 miles World Cruise for you and your family, with £1,000 cash and a Life Pension of £6 weekly!

Fly over London with Amy Mollison

UNIQUE ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION IN BULLETS GREAT HOLIDAY OFFER



Your pilot... THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS AIRWOMAN

By special arrangement with "John Bull" before her record-breaking flight to the Cape and back, Mrs. Mollison will personally pilot the aeroplane carrying our "Bullets" winner and companion over London.

£500 Cash, PLUS FLIGHT OVER LONDON FOR TWO WITH AMY MOLLISON

If First Prize-winner is unable to accept Flight Over London Award, it will be presented to this week's highest prize-winner who can take advantage of this unique opportunity

100 OTHER FINE HOLIDAY PRIZES

£50	£25	£20	£18	£16	£14
£12	£10	£9.10	£9	£8.10	£8
£7.10	£7	£6.10	£6	£5.10	£5
£4.10	£4	80 HOLIDAY FARES OF 25/-			

500 of 2/6 • 4,000 'DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS' • 6,000 'STAR TARGETS'

This week only—Enter by Sat. June 27

READ AMY'S THRILLING STORY ON PAGE 9—THEN GO IN AND WIN!

IMAGINE yourself flying over the heart of the Empire, with London's silvery Thames winding like a ribbon beneath you! A £500 fortune has swept all your cares away, you are celebrating your Independence Day by this Wonder Flight over the Metropolis—and your pilot is the world's most famous airwoman, Mrs. Amy Mollison!

That is the unique 2-in-1 First Prize heading the splendid list of *Bullets* Holiday Cheques within your reach this week. And should the First Prize-winner be unable to take advantage of the opportunity of flying with Mrs. Mollison, the privilege will pass automatically to the winner of the next biggest cash prize who can take advantage of this exciting celebration at JOHN BULL's expense.

With this memorable First Prize to be won and so many other opportunities of securing your holiday expenses, *now* is the time to start on your *Bullets*.

All prizes will reach their winners on Thursday, July 16, but they are reserved, remember, for competitors who see that their *Bullets* reach the judges by the closing date of this fine one-week Holiday Offer.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* and you will find that some will immediately strike you as likely to suggest telling comments. Write these down and then, against each of your selected *Examples*, make notes of all the ideas it brings to your mind.

Now a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, is to condense and improve the phrasing of your first rough jottings.

Suppose, for instance, that you had been attracted by the *Example*, RUBBED THE WRONG WAY. Against this you might scribble, *No Need To Make A Fuss*. That rough comment you could easily improve into the finished *Bullet*, RUBBED THE WRONG WAY — WELL, DON'T CAUSE "SHINE"!

For further guidance make a careful study of the good points of the successful efforts in our 1,030th Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* with confidence and make up your mind that by Saturday, June 27, some *Bullets* of prize-winning calibre shall reach JOHN BULL from you.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

SEEING BRITAIN
THIS AUGUST
MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY
THE SERVICES
LEAVING MOTHER
LOOK ABOUT YOU AND
HARD PILLOW
WINNING
AT ENORMOUS EXPENSE
WHAT THE KING DOES
GOLDEN KEY
ALWAYS WRONG
SEASIDE IDIOT
SIZZLING
SHOWS ENERGY
TO STOP THE LEAK
TWICE AS EASY
AUNTIE'S CAR
A DESERTER
UPROAR IN THE BOARDING-HOUSE
MADDENING
HE'S AN M.P., SO
FROM THE GARDEN
DASHED AWAY
FAITHFUL HOUND
BREAKERS
LAYING THE CARPET
WHAT HE'S FISHING FOR
ACCEPTED
COMING TO HIS SENSES
RUBBED THE WRONG WAY
TALKATIVE WOMAN
WHEN YOU THINK
ON HER KNEES
WHAT FATHER WEARS
TONIC FOR TRADE

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEW

SERVICE FOR 'BULLETIN' READERS.

Your *Bulletin* reservation, made on this coupon, brings not only 43 pages of help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, but a

FREE ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

for you each week.

YOU ARE INVITED TO

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,034) Closing SAT., June 27.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,034) Closing SAT., June 27.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,034) Closing SAT., June 27.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,034) Closing SAT., June 27.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,034 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,550 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,029 will be displayed in the window of Mr. T. Mardle, Boundary Road, Plaistow, E.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,034, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How can you SLIM safely

THOUSANDS of women have come to realise the folly of attempting to reduce their weight excessively in a few days. Experience has taught them that such treatment needs to be so drastic that it ruins their looks, and injures their health.

What you must do is to (1) stop fat forming, (2) gradually melt it away: and that is what Bile Beans do for you—safely and surely.

If you persevere with your nightly Bile Beans your health will improve along with your figure, and you'll make sure, this Summer, of feeling and looking your best in your new swim suit.

"As I work in a gown shop, I was worried about putting on weight. Since taking Bile Beans I have got rid of all unwanted fat. They have brought back my girl-like figure, enabling me to show the gowns off to perfection."—Mrs. M. S., Liverpool.

• • •

"In my stage work it is very necessary for me to keep an attractive, youthful figure. I find that Bile Beans are just the thing for keeping me slim and maintaining my health and fitness."—Miss P. F., Birmingham.

• • •

"Even when my clients have got rid of their surplus fat I always advise a continuance with Bile Beans. I tell them that Bile Beans taken regularly are the safest and surest means of preserving a youthful figure and keeping them healthier, too."—Nurse F. E. R., London, W.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU SLIM AND HEALTHY

213 B 24

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A 185